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THE HOOVER FOOD-CONTROL FAILURE

A FRANK CRITICISM OF THIS POPULAR PUBLIC FIGURE, THAT IS NEITHER PRO-GERMAN NOR ANTI-BRITISH, NOR PRO OR ANTI ANYTHING ELSE—BUT JUST SOUND AMERICAN COMMON SENSE

ALFRED W. MCCANN

HOOVERISM, as a form of philosophy designed to offset the hunger and famine that follow war, is destined to leave the world no better than it found it.

The new gospel, which since January, 1917, has been talked of in the public press more than the ten commandments or the seven deadly sins are talked of in a hundred years, is based on the well-supported assumption that the Department of Agriculture, employing 17,000 scientists, specialists, experts, administrators and field agents, and spending annually $25,000,000, has no real knowledge of the food problems of the United States and is wholly unequipped to undertake their solution.

The costly machinery, constructed at the expense of the public treasury to serve the politics of peace-time administrations in their policy of pandering to unhealthy food industries, had left such a record of impotence and inefficiency behind it that the entire country, face to face with war, found it not only expedient but necessary to ignore both the Department of Agriculture and the Department of Justice and to create a new machine, the description of whose powers, func-

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tions and purposes might win the confidence of an aroused and anxious people.

The new machine, it was urged, would have to be a one-man machine. It would have to earn a reputation for efficiency even before its wheels were ready to revolve. Faith in it would have to be rooted in the very hearts of the people.

The one-man machine with a glowing reputation was at hand. Herbert C. Hoover had rendered spectacular service in the cause of stricken humanity. The whole world was talking about him. He had built up an organization somewhat similar in character to any one of the ten thousand wholesale grocery or jobbing houses of the United States.

This organization, receiving shiploads of provisions supplied through the charity of the people of the United States, distributed them to the hungry civilians of outraged Belgium, which had an area in square miles about one-fifth the area of New York State and a population slightly in excess of the population of New York City.

No board of directors sat by in this Hoover organization to urge larger profits and no selling organization had to be managed in the field against competition.

Hoover was not handicapped by commercialism in his undertaking and had no comparative statistics or profit and loss accounts to handicap him.

Thus, almost overnight, the mining engineer, endowed with promoting talents of rare order and considerable executive ability, was transformed into a food administrator.

He took what was handed him and turned it over to hungry mouths. Into his work of philanthropy, praiseworthy in the extreme, there entered none of the complex problems of production, of buying and selling, of keeping overhead expense well within the margin of profit, none of the problems of wages, commissions, contracts.

Associated as he was with a noble relief movement that appealed to the heart of every man and woman in the world, his reputation as a food authority grew until Belgian relief became synonymous with Hoover and, as his own press bureau announced, he was looked upon as a miracle man.

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An efficient department store manager would have done the job with precisely the same results. A train dispatcher would have been equal to the work and either a department store manager or a train dispatcher (with a press agent as skillful as the metallurgist's) would have become equally famous.

In testimony of the miracle-working genius of the man, his own press agent gave to the newspapers a story to the effect that a letter addressed, "The Miracle Man, Washington, D. C.," was instinctively delivered by the postal authorities to Herbert C. Hoover and that upon opening the letter Hoover found the intuition which had picked him out as its legitimate recipient was well justified. The letter was indeed intended for Hoover.

The preparation of the American mind, by Hoover, to accept Hoover was undertaken with adroit persistence, and Hooverism, born of public enthusiasm for heroic and benevolent accomplishments at a period of the world's history when hysteria ran riot and fear of the future wrinkled every brow, took on the hypnotizing characteristics of the supernatural.

Hooverism involved belief in the ability of a twentieth century product of flesh and blood to perform miracles. It was well known that among the 100,000,000 inhabitants of the United States no miracle workers were to be found.

There were food manufacturers and wholesale distributors aplenty, all of them representing specialized industries employing agents in every state of the Union. They were big men but they were not miracle workers.

Hoover possessed a glamor and though he had not lived in the United States for many years and knew nothing of its food problems he had, according to his own mouthpiece, a miracle working talent and so, as the Belgian Relief in Belgium became synonymous with Hoover, the one-man anti-famine machine of the United States became synonymous with Hoover.

Throughout the period of the early development of Hooverism, the Department of Agriculture, humiliated to a

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degree which can be appreciated only by officials and representatives of the department, stood by watching the growth of Hooverism with a critical attitude, the external evidence of which has been well concealed.

The imported miracle man, unfamiliar with the complicated processes of food production and distriblution in a country from which he had expatriated himself, had assured the American people, through his own press bureau, that unless he were endowed by Congress with heroic powers the cause of democracy would perish in famine.

Every form of anxiety which the human heart can suffer was tortured by dismal prophecies of disaster until Hooverism became an obsession and a mania. The people clamored for it.

"Give this metallurgist the authority he asks," thundered the press. "Let him behead the hoarders, gamblers and speculators," cried the populace.

"It is perfectly plain that the farmers will refuse to plant seed, the grain elevators will be empty, the mills will have nothing to grind, the gamblers will grab everything in sight and the American people will not only be unable to feed the armies of the Entente but there will be no bread or meat on their own tables at home."

With this sort of prophecy filling every mouth, even Congress fell under the spell.

So terrifying was the prospect of famine that the housewife who ordinarily bought ten pounds of sugar and forty-nine pounds of flour, rushed to the retail grocer for a hundred pounds of sugar, a barrel of flour and ten cases of canned goods.

The retail grocer passed the hysterical orders on to the wholesale grocer. The demand, inspired by a mad effort to lay up stores for a lean and hungry year, was like a run on a bank.

The net result of Hoover's proclamations expressed itself in the most spectacular advance in prices that the country had witnessed since the Civil War.

The real hoarders were the converts to Hooverism who

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tried to fill their cellars and pantries with foodstuffs which they were assured would be unobtainable in sixty days.

The whole country was plunged in confusion. The very wholesale grocers who were charged with all sorts of crimes and who are now high in the counsels of Hoover were forced, in spite of themselves, to make money. Their books show that they made larger profits during the first period of Hoover excitement than they had ever made before.

The situation became so critical and public sentiment ran so high that the few men who kept their heads were tried before the tribunal of public wrath and condemned as traitors.

Senator Reed of Missouri, who, on the floor of the Senate, attempted to stem the torrents of Hooverism pouring from the floodgates of panic, was castigated and villified by every editorial pen in the land.

For six months Hoover, with offices in the New Willard Hotel, Washington, had been building his anti-famine machine as if Congress had already acted. When Congress did act the machine was ready to operate. Today the people stand face to face with the products it has evolved.

HOOVERISM ON THE DECLINE

Faith in Hooverism as a miracle-working religion is already on the decline.

The quantity of meat available for domestic use and the price at which the consumer may obtain it constitute issues which Hoover admits he cannot control.

His last public proclamation, covering the prospect of a meat shortage in the United States, was followed within twelve hours by a nation-wide advance in price.

Lamb jumped immediately from 22 cents a pound wholesale to 26 cents a pound. Beef jumped at wholesale, two cents a pound overnight. The price of pork in its climb skyward has never stopped.

The production of milk and the price at which it is delivered to the consumer, Hoover admits he cannot control.

The price of stock feed, the price of agricultural and

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dairy apparatus, the price of farm labor, Hoover admits he cannot control.

The price of wheat has been fixed by the Wheat Fair Price Committee, headed by Dr. Garfield.

When the farmers withhold their shipments the I. W. W. and pro-German conspirators are blamed for seducing the tillers of the soil.

The reasons advanced by Hooverites for the failure of Hooverism to work the miracles promised are based on a form of libel which in substance declares that the farmer has no love of country in his heart. Yet the farmer today, particularly the truck farmer, who planted heavily in response to the urgent appeals from Washington, has been the great est victim of patriotism.

Under the application of Hooverism the people are urged to eat fresh vegetables and fruits, but the most effective method of preserving fresh vegetables and fruits, so extensively and successfully applied in Germany, has been ignored and discouraged.

Due to the suppression of the dehydration industry, millions of tons of fresh vegetables and fruits are being ploughed under the soil or rotting on the ground. Germany would give millions for the 1917 glut consigned by the United States to the final resting place of non-utilizable waste.

Under the application of Hooverism the people are urged to eat fish but the inland cities cannot find the fish, and the fish industry, rotten to the core, has not yet been asked to reform.

The efforts of Hooverism to regulate the grain rations of the world have ignored the recommendations of the United States Public Health Service and the very fundamentals of economics. As they have been applied to a period of world stress their only result so far has been to perpetuate a milling system that takes 81,729,092 barrels (of a hundred and ninety-six pounds each) of wheat out of the mouths of soldier and civilian, turning it over to cattle that do not need it.

Our 750,000,000 bushels of wheat, weighing 57 pounds each, will produce 217,704,092 barrels of whole grain meal.

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The cost of a barrel of whole grain meal, at the Government price of wheat, $2.20 a bushel, is $7.70.

Today, under the operation of Hooverism, wheat flour costs $14.00 for spot flour in New York City and will cost between $11.50 and $12.50 during the coming year, and there are only 135,912,000 barrels for export and home consumption instead of 217,704,092 barrels, which a properly Hooverized control of the grain elevators and mills would produce, at figures averaging at least $4.00 a barrel less than the present Hooverized price.

In defense of his toleration of this wheat situation, Hoover relies on two fallacies. One of these fallacies has been proposed by Professor Alonzo E. Taylor, who declares that the milling of the entire grain would involve great waste for the reason that the human body cannot utilize the entire grain, and that, therefore, a great saving results when the "non-utilizable" elements of the grain are consumed by cattle.

Professor Taylor knows that the same sophistry could be applied to cattle, the droppings of which are so full of "non-utilized" elements that they sustain a hog for every cow, steer, stag or bull in the herd.

Henry C. Sherman, of Columbia University, has urged as a public health measure the use of the discarded "red dog" and germ of the wheat berry by the entire nation. His recommendations, published by the Department of Agriculture, have been conveniently ignored by the Hooverites.

The other fallacy arises from Hoover's own experience in Belgium, in which he says that his efforts to feed whole meal to the famished inhabitants of that unhappy country were followed by the deaths of a thousand men, women and children and that, therefore, he does not propose to become an engine to force the American people to eat food of such deadly character.

Hoover did not know when he made this statement, so pleasing to the patent flour millers, that the Belgian Relief had shipped him large quantities of mouldy, smutted, green, immature and frozen wheat, a fact which has since been

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proved to the consternation of the Belgian Relief and to the enlightenment of the deceived metallurgist.

Hoover's failure to readjust America's wheat situation to the needs of the world is directly responsible for the diminishing of the wheat supply for human consumption by nearly 38 per cent and an artificial advance in its cost of 25 per cent, notwithstanding the fact that such a readjustment would immeasurably increase the food value of the whole, converting an inadequate food into a complete, life-sustaining product, containing every element necessary to human nutrition.

WORDS THAT SPELL FAILURE

One of Hoover's greatest failures is described in four letters—C-O-R-N.

In the manufacture of degerminated corn meal the United States loses 25 per cent of the protein, 23 per cent of the fat and 60 per cent of the mineral salts of the whole kernel.

Like wheat, corn has a fibrous outer skin, beneath which is a layer rich in protein, phosphorus, iron and lime compounds. These are the gluten layers. Within these layers lies the germ, rich in fat, constituting nearly 10 per cent of the entire weight of the kernel.

In the production of hominy, cornmeal, grits, corn flakes and corn flour the germ is discarded.

" In view of the high feed value of the germ," says Sherman, " it seems unfortunate that it enters so little into human consumption."

The United States Public Health Service, as a result of its study of the origin of anemia and malnutrition, reports that both conditions are corrected promptly when the germ and tissue salts of corn and wheat are added to the diet.

Yet, under the influence of Hooverism people are urged to consume ever-increasing quantities of degerminated corn as a substitute for wheat of which, under real food control, there would be an abundance for home use and export.

Defending the failure of Hooverism to cover these essen-

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tials, the Hooverites declare that the live-stock industry depends upon the ability of the farmer to obtain from the wheat mills and corn mills the bran, "red dog," germ and other discarded elements thrown off in the manufacture of white flour and refined corn meal, without which we would suffer a famine in milk, bacon, eggs and pork.

These objections are absurd. The United States produces annually 3,000,000,000 bushels of corn, of which the Department of Agriculture informs us that 85 to 90 per cent is fed to animals on the farms, leaving but from 10 to 15 per cent for the human family.

According to Hoover himself, the number of farm animals has been so reduced that the entire nation is now alarmed for fear all the cattle food available will not be consumed. This cattle food includes 14,000,000 bushels flaxseed, 85,000,000 tons hay, 20,000,000 bushels peanuts, 1,229,182,000 bushels oats, the grass of 100,000,000 acres of grazing land, the grass of 240,000,000 additional acres that can be used as grazing land and millions of tons of cotton seed meal, cotton seed feeds, linseed meal, pea meal, bean meal, cocoanut meal, sugar feeds, rice meal, dried beet pulp, dried molasses pulp, corn stover, soya bean meal and the other concentrated commercial feeding stuffs now used in enormous quantities in nourishing milk cows, horses, chickens and pigs for the production of milk, steaks, roasts, ham, bacon and eggs.

The total savings which a properly Hooverized reform system of wheat and corn milling, ignored by Hoover, would transfer from the food of cattle to the food of men, women and children in the production of whole meal bread, would amount to less than 1 per cent of the total food now available for our animal industry in the United States.

The present prices of all foods, including the so-called "offsetting" foods which the patent flour millers of the United States and their commercial scientists declare are fully adequate to the task of restoring to the diet of Americans the indispensable elements removed in the refinement of wheat and corn, have advanced far beyond the buying capacity of the average daily wage.

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Bread, according to Professor Alonzo E. Taylor, one of Hoover's advisers, constitutes from 50 to 55 per cent of the total food consumed by the plain people. For this reason alone bread should provide the bulk of the body's needs.

Thirty years ago grist mills existed all over the United States. These mills still exist but they no longer grind. The local farmer who formerly sent his grain to the local mill is now forced to send it to the large centralized mills.

These mills realize that if Hoover were to really Hooverize the grain and flour situation of the United States, the local mills would be revived and after the war the direct shipment of grain to these local mills would never return to the tracks leading to the centralized mills and the centralized millers would never again be able to develop a situation wherein they would be able to take toll from all the grain of the country as they do now.

Wheat and corn will keep unwetted and unground a hundred years. Ground locally as needed there would be and could be no spoilage. Coffee is ground as needed. Crackers and bread are baked as needed.

Hoover, by a word, could bring about a revolution in the present system—but he has not spoken that word.

The winning of the war may depend upon our ability to withstand a long siege. It certainly depends upon adequately fed armies and navies. It certainly depends upon the health of the people at home.

Tuberculosis must not be permitted to gain, as it will gain, if the nutrition of the people is impaired.

The mistakes of Hooverism are not impossible of remedy. Hoover can still redeem his pledge to work miracles. Hoover can still become the most important single factor in the winning of this war. But, to achieve such distinction and to restore the rapidly fading confidence of the people in his miracle-working gifts, he will have to open his eyes.

I have endeavored by every means within my power to influence Hoover, privately, to consider these issues. Public criticism may force him to do his full duty. It is in such a hope that I have written this.

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WILLIAM G. McADOO—THE MAN BEHIND THE TREASURY

EDWIN WILDMAN

SO little a thing as selecting a college for your son may have a hearing upon national affairs. It did in the case of William G. McAdoo. Perhaps he knew Woodrow Wilson before he selected Princeton for his boys, but it was there that the two men became friends. In his political life Mr. Wilson has reposed great confidence in friends. He has surrounded himself with men tried by long association. This is exemplified in the case of Colonel E. M. House, his friend and confidential advisor; it is illustrated in his selection of McAdoo for Secretary of the Treasury.

Today Mr. McAdoo looms large on the world's horizon. He is the world's greatest money raiser. The achievements of the Barings of London, the Rothschilds of Paris, even the Morgans of Wall Street, pale by comparison with the financial transactions of the Secretary of the Treasury. McAdoo is thinking in terms of billions—not one, two, or three billions of dollars; but five, ten, twenty billions. Nearly $10,000,000,000 has been appropriated; $10,000,000,000 more are asked for. Some $7,000,000,000 goes to our Allies; the balance of the great total will be spent on the war; perhaps more. These are undreamed of sums, but Mr. McAdoo must raise them and must disburse them. It is a vast financial undertaking, this collecting and handling of one-tenth of our national wealth without disturbing our complex industrial life.

Not so many years ago the man in charge of this, the nation's greatest financial undertaking, was called an impractical dreamer. His dreams of tunneling the Hudson River, connecting New York and the Jersey shores, was looked upon by Wall Street with disfavor. It was only a $100,000,000 project, but our greatest bankers refused to put themselves behind the unknown southern lawyer who conceived the plan.

It came to him when one morning, as a commuter, he stood at the Jersey Ferry, waiting his turn to cross to New York.

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"If I could only step into a car and shoot under the river, think of the valuable time I would save myself in a year," was one of his dreams. At that time there were only two ways to get across, either go by boat or travel by train to Poughkeepsie and cross on the last down stream bridge. Frequently Mr. McAdoo was inclined to believe that the Poughkeepsie route would get him across quicker than the ferry.

Before he mentioned his plan to anyone, he made a thorough study of the conditions and what he learned was far from encouraging. An English engineer had bored some 1800 feet into the river bed, and at the same time bored away about $2,000,000 of American investors' money. Then the tunnel caved in and killed twenty men and that was the attempt of that builder. That was in 1878. Again the task was undertaken, in 1891, but when the tunnel heading had been advanced 3700 feet from shore, the company failed and the undertaking was abandoned.

It is difficult now to understand what an enormous undertaking it was to seriously interest anyone in such a project. When Mr. McAdoo first suggested it he was laughed at. He struggled through a sea of rebuffs, disappointments, doubts, and heart-breaking refusals for many weary days and months, but he stuck to it and all the comment he ever made in referring to this struggle was: "It was a period of great difficulty."

Finally he was rewarded with success and a company of supporters headed by Walter G. Oakman and Pliny Fisk was organized in 1902 to take up the work where it had been left off.

It was an unusual and difficult task. The river channel was 65 feet deep, the bottom was soft silt and the water seeped through, while below that was solid rock. Mr. McAdoo decided he wouldn't dig, but would actually drive the solid tunnel through. How he carried this out is pretty well known. He gave up his law business and he nearly gave up his life, going down and in and out of that tunnel, but he stuck to it. His doctor told him his heart wouldn't stand it,

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and declared that it would take fifteen years out of his life.

"If it takes it out of the last end instead of the middle, I won't mind it," he declared, and he kept right on the job. Once when there was a big leakage he was nearly drowned, but he stayed long enough to see that the men were out of danger and to actually scoop up a fish that had fallen through from the river above.

"I am the only man on record," he said, as he emerged to safety, carrying the fish, "who ever adopted this method of fishing." And the next day, after being warned that his heart was weak, he stepped into the hook of a derrick and was slowly hoisted to the top of the Hudson Tunnel Building, more than a score of stories in mid-air, "just to prove to the doctor that my heart is all right," he said.

Everyone knows the history of the great Hudson Tunnel. It is estimated that the McAdoo dream is now saving half a million people half an hour a day. Furthermore, it instituted a new corporate policy toward the public. The famous adage of an ancient railroad magnate, "the public be damned," was reversed by McAdoo. "Public complaints and public conveniences are entitled to profound consideration" was the policy of the McAdoo tunnels. It was a thought that led Mr. McAdoo into politics and finally into the Wilson campaign for the Governorship of New Jersey. It drew him into the Baltimore convention as a worker for Wilson and it made him Vice-Chairman of the Democratic Campaign Committee. It landed him into Wilson's Cabinet and it put him behind the world shibboleth of making the world safe for the inhabitants thereof, in opposition to those rulers who reign for self-aggrandizement and self-exploitation.

When William of Germany made a scrap of paper of his treaty with little Belgium and thrust his spike-helmeted legions across his frontier into Flanders and France, the foreign exchange was demoralized and disorganized, shipping was paralyzed, and credit facilities were destroyed. Unless the situation were immediately relieved, declared New York bankers, their banks would be unable to open their

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doors on the third day of August, 1914. And so they made their appeal to the ex-dreamer of Wall Street—William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury.

How he saved this country from the greatest financial panic any country ever feared is now history.

"If specie payments are suspended, if we fail to secure the currency necessary to meet the demands of credit in these dark days, financial chaos will result," the bankers told him in their appeal. But, fortunately for every one of Uncle Sam's hundred million citizens and for every one in many great European countries, McAdoo was the right man in the right place in the greatest financial emergency known in the history of money. Without delay he placed all the resources of the Government's treasury at the service of the country. It is true that there were half a billion dollars' worth of emergency national bank notes in the strong-box of the Treasury, but it was scarcely an available sum, for it could be doled out only at the rate of forty per cent of the capital of any bank secured by United States bonds.

Mr. McAdoo went to Congress about it and with most amazing success obtained authority to issue to any national bank emergency circulation equal to 125 per cent of its unimpaired capital and surplus.

Mr. McAdoo saved the day. On the third of August in the memorable summer of 1914 forty million dollars in emergency cash had been shipped to New York from the national capital and the bankers were instructed to hand it out across their counters to depositors and to correspondents throughout the country, upon demand. The crash that threatened chaos, ruin, disaster to the big and the small alike did not crash..

Mr. McAdoo was not widely known outside of New York City until he became Vice-Chairman of the Democratic National Committee and finally Secretary of the Treasury. Even then, the sort of man he was and his record were little known outside his own Manhattan stamping grounds and in the memory of his circle of acquaintances down in Tennessee in the days when he built up a small law practice and finally

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came to grief with a sickly street railway property. But all the world knows him today.

To establish a Federal system of Banking and Currency that makes his country immune to financial panics is a big enough achievement for one man unless that man happen to be a dreamer. In public office McAdoo did not begin to do big things, for he had been doing them for years. He merely came into public notice. In public office he started with a revision of the tariff, and today, this month, in his fifty-fourth year, he is urging the passage of the War Insurance Measure to furnish insurance to the men of our army and navy for their families. He has built up a system that makes it possible to finance a world war and he is working away at it just as complacently as he worked away at washing his mother's dishes in his mother's humble home back in Georgia during the dread Reconstruction days following the Civil War which swept away everything his people possessed and, seemingly, every opportunity for possessing anything in the future.

William G. McAdoo is, and always has been, a great dreamer. Many will shake their heads at this statement and declare that the Secretary of the Treasury is quite of different stuff than dreamers are made; they will insist that he is nothing at all if not a hard-headed, unromantic, unimaginative practical man.

There are many axioms such as "Don't be a dreamer, be a doer." Only a man with imagination, a man who can dream great dreams of splendid achievements, can do really great things. McAdoo arose from the direst need to become a member of the bar, a street railway owner which brought financial disaster, and the builder of a hundred million dollar tunnel system.

Only a man with great imagination, a man who could dream great dreams, could achieve his success. A practical man without the ability to dream could never do it. A dreamer without the ability to put his dreams into practice could never do it; only a practical dreamer could achieve these things—and Mr. McAdoo is the most successful prac-

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tical dreamer in the great scientific world of today.

Invariably when a man does big things we ask: "What manner of man is he?" Mr. McAdoo is a most interesting man who looks not at all like a dreamer, but more like a successful farmer; yet he smiles and speaks after the manner of the old time "befo' de war" gentleman that his forebears were. Decidedly human, yet rather hypnotic, with his soft voice and low drawl, his inclination is to refer to a friend as "you all," and the smile that ripples into a merry fretwork, the skin over his prominent Scotch cheek-bones, is one that invites confidence.

Six feet one and a half inches he stands, as straight as a West Pointer. A few years ago he was decidedly slender, weighing not more than 140 pounds, but lately, despite of his responsibilities, he has taken on weight. Yet he gives you the truthful impression that he is a very live wire, full of energy, both mental and physical. He plays as hard as he works, and seems like a man who would come at you rather harshly in an argument, until he suddenly smiles and speaks in his delightful soft drawl. His eyes are wide apart and deep set. Brown with tints of grey. He has the aquiline nose of a conqueror, and the large mobile mouth of one who is gentle and human, but the lips are thin and can be drawn down straight from their usually pleasant up-curved lines when he decides to have his way—which happens on occasions with invariable success.

So swiftly have events moved since Mr. McAdoo became Secretary of the Treasury, and so dramatic, shocking, and pyrotechnical have these events been in their daily history-making of the world's greatest war, that possibly a considerable part of Mr. McAdoo's work has thus been kept somewhat in the background. Furthermore, he has not been one to seek publicity or notoriety, and he has refused to take credit or his full share of credit, in a great many things he has done.

Largely due to his efforts is our Federal Reserve system of banking, the greatest instance of constructive legislation in our political history. The very financial leaders who opposed this at the time have since greatly profited by it, and

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would not go back to the old system which served so well at the time, but was not keeping pace with our growth. Few bankers and business men had much confidence in it at the time, yet these men now admit that it has made the country practically immune to financial panics. It proved to be a system that gave them cheaper money and money for an emergency. All who opposed Mr. McAdoo's plans at the time, approve now and admit that without this system our extraordinary prosperity of the last two and a half years could not have prevailed.

Secretary McAdoo was solidly behind that legislation. He was chairman of the committee which formed the twelve Federal Reserve Districts. He personally selected the localities for the establishment for the twelve Federal Reserve Banks and today, as chairman of that reserve board, he is at the literal head of every operation of that great system.

"We will place cotton on the contraband list," declared the British Government and its Allies, three years ago.

"You may have $50,000,000 in gold deposited in our Reserve Banks in Virginia, Georgia and Texas, if you need it," Secretary McAdoo promptly told the people of the South, and so in a sentence he destroyed the great panic in the South, restored confidence, and boosted the price of cotton three cents a pound. Instead of the $50,000,000 only $15,000,000 was needed. Within two weeks after his announcement of this plan, his Federal Reserve Board went to the rescue of the general crop-growing situation, aside from that of cotton, by enabling planters everywhere to secure credit at no higher than six per cent. and generally at a lower rate.

"Anything to serve my country," has been the McAdoo motto, not only since he obtained his cabinet position, but long before, and while in office he has increased his labors by doing far more than his official duties. He was really behind the Pan-American financial conference, conducted in Washington in 1915, called together for the purpose of welding the political, commercial and business interests of twenty leading countries of North and South America. President Wilson approved this plan, the International High Commis-

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sion was organized, which worked through a central council of which Mr. McAdoo was made chairman. Through his influence, Congress has enacted a number of laws, which promotes our commerce with these other countries of the new world.

No other Secretary of the National Treasury ever went so far as to require our national banks to pay interest on all government deposits. When protests were made, as was natural, Secretary McAdoo replied, "It is merely a sound business principle to demand a reasonable rate of interest for the use of the money of the people." The result of this was that in three years the plan earned over $3,500,000 for our Government Treasury, by charging the banks two per cent. annual interest on all the government deposits. Compare this with the $732,000 earned in the previous five years.

All the financial world knew of the troublesome shortage of currency during every crop-harvesting season. When Mr. McAdoo took office in 1913, the usual complaint in financial circles was heard on every hand. McAdoo investigated because he knew that it was an artificial condition, and that such a condition could be improved. The result was his decision to place sufficient funds at the command of the banks in the localities where the scarcity of currency became most burdensome. In the Far West he deposited $4,950,000, in the Northwest $19,000,000 and in the South $22,550,000. This restored confidence at once and it was only necessary to distribute a part of this sum. It was one of the biggest things that McAdoo ever did, without it our prosperity of the last two years would not have materialized.

It seems that this man saw everything, heard everything, understood everything and could so ably foresee eventualities that he was able to prepare for them in advance. He believed in the mammoth American Merchant Marine. Of course anyone could not help believing in that, with England and France commandeering practically every bottom for use in warfare, and with Germany's ships interned or fearful to leave neutral ports. He knew that the great products of this country must be moved to foreign markets if our

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prosperity were to continue, and he wanted the American flag restored to the seas. For this reason he proposed legislation that would have remedied this and all the country knows the disgrace of the filibuster in the Senate that lost our country such a wonderful opportunity. Finally, through his efforts, Congress created a United States Shipping Board, which is a big step in the right direction.

All of these things Mr. McAdoo did while we were still a neutral country. Since then his financeering has been of a magnitude that has taught us to think in billions.

One would think that a man of this calibre must have been born of a long line of financiers, used the front steps of a bank as a playground, and secured his education in the cashier's cage of a big banking house. But the truth is no such opportunities came into the life of Mr. McAdoo. He was nearing forty years of age before he began to deal in sums that would make an ordinary banker elevate his eyebrows at their mention.

Three hundred years ago a family of McAdoos sailed from Scotland and settled in North Carolina. Some of them drifted down into Georgia and Secretary McAdoo's father, who was also William Gibbs McAdoo, became the conventional Southern lawyer. He fought throughout the Mexican War as a lieutenant, and also as an officer in the Confederate army through the Civil War. His mother was Floyd, of the famous old Southern family. She was a grand-daughter of General John Floyd who drove the savage Cherokee Indians back to their Western reservation.

When Secretary McAdoo was three weeks old there seemed small likelihood that he would ever be handling a $100,000,000 enterprise for digging a hole underneath the Hudson River, or much less borrowing $20,000,000,000 and financing half a dozen European powers, for at that tender age his father's beautiful Southern home was unfortunately in the path of Sherman and his army as they marched through to Georgia and left that smoking blackened trail of ruins.

There may be today a glamor of romance over the lives

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of those Southern families who were suddenly bereft of everything; of refined Southern women, reared in luxurious homes and attended by scores of servants, who were suddenly forced to flee to hide in huts, to wash and scrub and bake and forage for enough to keep alive their little ones. But there was no glamor of romance to it in those days. In this environment Mr. McAdoo grew up until he was fourteen. Following the war, the twelve torturous years of "reconstruction" helped to make life anything but comfortable. He was born near Marietta, Ga., but three weeks later along came Sherman. His father was away with the Confederate army, his mother's slaves had fled in terror and she was forced to flee to Milledgeville.

"They have no particular love of old Sherman's memory down in Georgia to this day," Mr. McAdoo once remarked, "but I bear him no grudge. In fact, I owe him a great deal. If my early years had been lived in luxury I would not have been fitted for anything worth while. The destitution in which Sherman's men left us made it necessary for me to struggle constantly to keep alive and to help my mother."

Milledgeville, Ga., during the "reconstruction" period, did not offer anything in the way of educational opportunities to a boy, and his first fourteen years of life, while full ones, were not full of ease, or study or pleasure. They were full of hard work, all sorts of work, anything to help lighten his mother's burdens. But even in those dark days McAdoo, the boy, was a dreamer as well as a worker. It has been said that he would stand at the back door of his little cabin home while washing the few family dishes and with a plate and dishwiper in hand stare off into space for many minutes at a time. Even in those days he aspired to become a lawyer. Just how he was to do it he didn't know, for what with sweeping and cooking, when his mother wasn't able to do the work, and with helping to cultivate their meagre plot of ground, there seemed no chance for him to get away from that unhappy environment.

Fortunately his father was a wise, as well as an educated man. There is always a difference. His father's misfortunes

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were heavy, but he felt that he must educate his son. Twice he had been attorney general for the Knoxville Circuit of Tennessee, and he was finally able to secure the chair of English and History at the University of Tennessee. He might have practised law, but in those days few in the South could afford such luxuries as litigation. By securing the professorship at the University of Tennessee he was able to educate his boy.

Secretary McAdoo was never satisfied with anything that hinted at a rut. He made many changes, encountered considerable financial trouble in his early days, but always dreamed of new things to do and big things to achieve. Fame may be, and frequently is, thrust upon a man over night, but there is nothing sudden about achievement. Such of the "high spots" along McAdoo's way are of interest, but there is nothing sudden about them. There was always time in between for his dreaming, and then he would hustle to make his dreams come true. That was the practical part of the man. This is his synopsis:

At fourteen a penniless boy in a little Georgia town, with no prospects.

At nineteen a deputy clerk in a United States Circuit Court, Eastern District of Tennessee.

At twenty-two admitted to the bar, married and struggling to build up a practice.

At twenty-eight owner of a somewhat unhealthy street railway property in Knoxville which went to smash through no fault of his own, sweeping with it his earnings and leaving him poorer in funds than ever, but leaving him vastly richer in experience in general and in a knowledge of transportation in particular.

At twenty-nine an unknown lawyer in New York City in a little Wall Street office.

At forty-one the successful builder of the Hudson Tunnel, a hundred million dollar enterprise.

At forty-nine Vice-Chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

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At fifty-one Secretary of the Treasury of the United States in President Wilson's cabinet.

But the fact that William McAdoo struggled up from poverty, that he bought and lost a street railroad when scarcely more than a "kid," and that he dreamed, planned and built the great tubes driven under the Hudson River are as nothing compared with the accomplishments that have been his as Secretary of the Treasury.

Once we howled dolefully against a "billion dollar Congress," yet we are now a greater world power and we have a twenty billion dollar Congress, and it will probably be a twenty-five billion dollar Congress before it is through.

It is Secretary McAdoo's task, in an extremely large measure, to devise ways and means of meeting any situation that may develop.

We may be sure that so practical a dreamer as William Gibbs McAdoo is quite certain to devise those means in a manner that will redound to the everlasting benefit and glory of the United States of America.

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UNSAFE DEMOCRACY

U. S. SENATOR JAMES A. REED

NOTE: Loyal citizens do not always agree. Senator Reed has some opinions of his own. Merely because these opinions do not happen to be the opinions of the majority, is no reason why they are not just as valid. The minority is not necessarily wrong. We present herewith Senator Reed's views. Next month a popular majority Congressman will answer. The discussion is bound to be an interesting one.

A SENATOR in a great speech on the floor of the Senate in defense of democracy said: "If we are to win this war the greatest asset we can have is the confidence and enthusiastic support of the people." I am entirely in accord with his views. The safety of democracy depends upon that issue. Given the enthusiastic confidence and support of the people; given competent generals to command the army, and this nation is invincible against all forces of the earth.

By some mysterious complication of national allegiance to the Administration, however, it has transpired that a member of Congress cannot express upon the floor his opinion that a certain measure makes for the weakness of his country instead of for its strength without some braying animal, somewhere, in some town or some state, in discordant voice roaring out: "You are the enemy of the United States!"

I shall endeavor to show the injustice of attacks upon members of Congress, because in the performing of their constitutional duties they have dared to exercise their independent judgment. This, in spite of the fact that Congress has given to the President upon all great war measures an enthusiastic and patriotic support.

Throughout some of the debates of the last session it has been insinuated that all who seek to alter or oppose a single provision of certain bills are therefore bad citizens, enemies of the public, friends of Germany, and altogether traitorous scoundrels. There has been a policy of coercion and abuse extended to all measures branded "Administration." The purpose has been to create an atmosphere and prejudice against members of Congress who venture even occasionally to exercise an independent judgment. It is a strange and

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new doctrine, which, if it be not arrested, may destroy the independence of the people, because it denies to their representatives freedom of action.

No Congress in the history of the United States has so unanimously supported the will of the Administration as the present one. It has given without question nearly $7,000,000,000, by various appropriations, to prosecute the war. The expenditure of this money in the great cause of our patriotic duty has not disturbed Congress. The amount of money it is going to cost us is negligible compared to the national spirit of defense and national safety which we can only secure by extreme competence of men in whom we intrust the lives and the homes of our country.

The selection of these men, in whom a power has been vested equal to that of dictatorship, is vital to every American. In some cases they have been strangely selected. I can compare the system of their selection to the operations of a magnet. You may lay all manner of metals on the table, and as the magnet passes over them, it will attract only iron filings. There may be gold, and silver, and platinum, yet the magnet by virtue of its peculiar inclination will have none of them—eagerly seizing upon the iron filings.

The system of establishing individual dictatorship in a republican government is not according to the spirit of the Constitution. In opposing the Food Bill it was urged that opposition to it on the floor of Congress indicated that there was dissension in our ranks, that in this way we gave aid and comfort to the enemy. If such a proposition is accepted as being true, it would put an end to both freedom of debate and freedom of vote. By such a proposition the functions of Congress are paralyzed. It is reduced to a mere board of registrars, whose authority in the executive transforms our democracy into an oligarchy and attacks the temple of liberty at its very foundations.

The assertion that opposition to a measure by members of the Congress who do not believe it wise, " renders aid and comfort to the enemy " is monstrous. There is no member of Congress who would not make any sacrifice, incur displeasure

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or suffer any penalty, rather than render assistance willingly to those who make war upon our beloved Republic. To justify the safety of democracy, this is a charge which cannot be too seriously examined.

AID TO THE ENEMY

What has transpired in the Senate or outside the Senate best calculated to be of aid and comfort to the enemy? Let me answer by illustration. If a distinguished German leader from his place in the Reichstag were to repeatedly denounce his fellow members as "American sympathizers conspiring to accomplish the overthrow of the German Empire," would not America thrill with pleasure and confidence? Would not such a declaration, strengthen our arms, stiffen our demands, and inspire us to vigorously pursue the war until Germany should abjectly sue for peace?

When, therefore, in the Senate it is asserted or intimated that a considerable body of Senators are deliberately giving aid and comfort to Germany, when such statements are repeated from day to day, when great newspapers print these things and by news and editorial certify to all the world that there exists "a Germany party in Congress, backed by a powerful and seditious element of the people, which constantly seeks to harass, handicap, and betray the United States," what must be the effect upon the German Government?

Candor compels the answer that such assertions give to the enemy the most substantial aid and comfort that he ever has or ever will receive in America. Moreover the charges, being monstrously false, infamously wicked, and criminally slanderous, their enormity thereby is infinitely magnified. And yet Congress has acted at times as though its sole duty was to carry out the decree of the Executive Department. This followed whether the mandates emanated from the brain of the President himself or from that of a subordinate clerk. Even though Congress may deem the Executive mandate unjust to the people and injurious to the State, it must nevertheless be recorded as the law of the land. Such a doctrine defeats the purpose for which Congress was created, deprives

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the people of their constitutional right to speak through legally constituted agents. Notwithstanding these intemperate charges, the indubitable truth remains that *there is not as much disloyalty in America within all her vast borders as there is disloyalty and hatred of the Kaiser within a single petty province of the Empire of Germany.*

The brain of America thrills with one impulse, the soul of America is inspired with one hope, the heart of America beats with one desire, the lips of America breathe with one prayer,—that we may gloriously win this war, establish the primacy of democracy, prove to all races, kindreds, and people, that the United States can and will defend its own rights.

But, at such a time as this, questions inevitably arise over which men of independent minds are likely to differ widely. Some of these questions relate to domestic, others to foreign policy.

PROBLEMS

Among the domestic problems may be mentioned these:

Can we best strengthen the United States by leaving business free or by placing it in leading strings?

Do the people of the United States really need a guardian or dictator to rule them?

Will industry and business, free, produce more than industry and business in chains?

Some of our problems are:

Should America try to revise the map of Europe?

Should America try to force upon a foreign government a particular form of government?

Is it our business to try to democratize the world, or should we endeavor to maintain our own democracy?

More serious than these is the question—under what circumstances may we in honor insist on peace?

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In answering such questions, men alike inspired by love of country may nevertheless disagree. This is especially true because the circumstances of the times are unprecedented and the ultimate answers lie largely within the uncertain future.

One distinguished Senator argues that "we owe Russia an obligation of support because Russia is now following the principles we planted." I cannot agree with that Senator. We are in no way bound for Russia or to Russia. We are not responsible for the frontiers of foreign states. We are not answerable for the form of government established in European or Asiatic countries. Whenever we shall receive full satisfaction for wrongs done and guaranties against the future violations of our rights, negotiations should begin, though of course we should not contemplate withdrawal from the conflict until whatever just obligations we may owe to our associates in arms have been faithfully discharged.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE

Let us see what has been done. As we proceed we shall be convinced that in all history no free legislative body has ever rendered king or president a more ardent, prompt, and efficient coöperation in war measures than this Congress has accorded the President of the United States. I shall not endeavor to recite the complete record. A reference to the more important acts will prove abundantly sufficient.

When the European war broke upon the world and the President declared "for strict neutrality," Congress put a padlock on its lips and remained silent—even when Belgium was invaded, when the death cries of the Lusitania's victims rang in the ears of the world, when American ships were finding graves at the ocean's bottom. More than a year before we declared war upon Germany, while we were yet pursuing a policy of non-intervention and inditing pæans to peace, at the mere suggestion of the President Congress revolutionalized our traditional policy of a small army and navy. The willingness of Congress to thus coöperate was evidenced by numerous important acts.

March 17, 1916, witnessed the passage of the Army Re-

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organization bill, which authorized the President to increase the regular army from 90,000 to 290,000 and raise the militia to 457,000. It provided for the organization of machine gun companies; increase in the Medical, Signal, Engineers and Quartermasters Corps. The Ordnance Department was vastly strengthened. Officers were provided for training the National Guard and students of colleges and schools. The following new organizations were created: Officers' Reserve Corps, Officers' Training Corps, Enlisted Reserve Corps, Citizens' Training Corps. Provision was made for a vast extension of the Aerial Service at a cost of over $13,000,000. The foregoing program involved the unprecedented amount of $267,579,000 for the first year.

At the same time the President was authorized to draft the National Guard into military service for the period of any war. The President was, by the same bill, empowered in time of war or imminent danger to order any factory to make anything it could produce, and to compel it to give his order precedence over all other business; to order all ammunition factories to produce the kind of arms and ammunition desired; to compel the owners of factories to transform them into ammunition plants; to force owners of factories to sell their products at prices determined by the Secretary of War; if satisfactory prices were not given to seize the plant. Failure to obey any of these commands was made punishable by a fine of $50,000 and imprisonment for three years.

Authority was granted the President to appoint a board for the mobilization of industries essential for military preparedness. A board to report on the feasibility of the Government manufacturing arms and ammunition was authorized. A Government nitrate plant was authorized and $20,000,000 appropriated to pay the bill.

July 1, 1916, Congress declared an emergency and gave the President full authority to draft the entire National Guard. On the same date it passed a bill carrying the following important appropriations for improvement of the permanent Military Establishment:

To create a powder factory, $500,000.

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For additional facilities for manufacturing field artillery, $1,000,000.

For additional capacity for manufacturing gun carriages, $500,000.

For additional capacity for manufacturing armor plate projectiles, $215,000.

For improvement of military posts in Hawaii, $1,000,000.

For seacoast defenses, $420,000.

Altogether the bill carried approximately $8,000,000, largely for new works or permanent betterments.

July 6, 1916, authority was granted to spend for purchase of seacoast cannon $540,000;

For purchase and test of ammunition for seacoast cannon, $2,200,000;

For purchase of tools, etc., for manufacture of arms, etc., $1,000,000.

At the same time enormous additional appropriations were made.

August 29, 1916, provision was made to improve and equip for the construction of war vessels the navy yards at Puget Sound, Philadelphia, Norfolk, New York, Boston, Portsmouth, Charleston, and New Orleans; and $6,000,000 was appropriated. A naval program great beyond all precedents was entered upon. By it the construction of 157 vessels was authorized at a cost of $588,180,576. This was nearly five times the average annual appropriation under any of Mr. Wilson's predecessors. The naval program above specified has since been increased to embrace 204 vessels at a total cost of $618,600,000. In addition there are now being built out of the naval emergency fund 85 destroyers, tugs, and mine-sweepers at an estimated cost of $67,000,000. Approximately 350 submarine chasers, at an estimated cost of $26,320,000. Ordnance stores and materials have been provided at a cost of $379,000,000. The enlisted strength of the navy, (exclusive of the Naval Reserve

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and Naval Militia), has been increased from 51,500 to 150,000.

August 29, 1916, the number of cadets at West Point and Annapolis was increased 50 per cent. On the same date, with an almost lavish hand, Congress made appropriations carrying out a great scheme of preparedness. I cite but a few:

For automatic machine rifles for the army, $6,000,000.

For automatic machine rifles for the National Guard, $6,000,000.

For army motors, $500,000.

For manufacturing field artillery for the National Guard, $10,000,000.

For manufacturing reserve ammunition for field artillery for the National Guard, $10,000,000.

To provide camps for instruction of the National Guard, $500,000.

For a projectile plant, $1,411,000.

For an armor plate factory, $11,000,000.

For batteries for merchant auxiliaries, $3,300,000.

For reserve ordnance supplies, $4,500,000.

For navy æronautic station at Pensacola, Florida, $420,000.

For stocks and docks at Norfolk, $1,242,000.

For dry dock at Hawaii, $700,000.

For depots for coal at various foreign ports, $460,000.

A total for public works of $8,350,000 was appropriated. Provision was made for:

Organization of a complete naval flying corps;

Organizing complete naval reserve forces;

Organization of naval auxiliary reesrve;

Organization of naval coast defense reserve;

Organization of naval reserve flying corps;

Organization of marine corps reserve;

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Organization of naval militia and national naval volunteers; and

Establishment of marine corps training camps.

The President was given express authority to assume control, take possession of, and to utilize to the exclusion of all other traffic for the transfer of war materials, troops, etc., all systems of transportation. This includes that vast network of railroads which covers like a spider's web the United States, comprising a mileage greater than the total railroad mileage of all Europe. At the same time a Council of National Defense was created, with authority to choose an advisory commission to co-ordinate industries and resources of the entire nation for the purpose of the national security and welfare.

Having made all this prepaartion for war, Congress on the same date, evidently to complete the program by covering all possible phases of the question, authorized the President to call a conference of all the nations of the world to create a court of arbitration for the settlement of international disputes and to provide for universal disarmament. To this end the President was empowered to appoint members of such tribunal and given $200,000 to pay their expenses.

March 4, 1917, the last day of the old Congress, the naval program was further increased by the addition of 18 torpedo boats at a cost of $6,115,000. Twenty-six coast submarines were authorized to cost $50,000,000. The President was given authority to expend in his discretion, in order to secure more expeditious delivery of materials, $215,000,000. The President was authorized to order ships built or war materials from any person capable of producing the same. The acceptance and filling of such orders was made obligatory and to be given precedence over all other orders or contracts. Failure to accept such order and give such preference or supply materials at the price fixed by the President authorizes the President to take immediate possession of the factory and to operate it as he sees fit.

The President was also given authority to modify or

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cancel any existing contract for the building or production of ships or war materials and if the contractor refuses to obey, the President may take immediate possession of his factory or plant. The President was further authorized to requisition and take over any factory of any kind or any part of such factory at any place in the United States for the purpose of producing war materials. This authority continues until March 1, 1918. The President was likewise authorized in certain contingencies to expend $12,000,000 to equip a navy yard in order to produce any of the ships authorized.

January 22, 1917, the Senate enthusiastically cheered the President's address in which he declared for "peace without victory." Twelve days later, February 3rd, the entire Congress received with vociferous applause the President's announcement of a severance of diplomatic relations with Germany. April 2nd, the same Congress again shook the Capitol with cheers for the President's demand for war. Within three days thereafter, (April 5th), Congress passed the momentous resolution which plunged us into that mighty conflict which in itself exceeds all the wars of all history. April 17th, 1917, (as I recollect without a debate of even five minutes), Congress gave the President authority to expend as he saw fit $100,000,000. April 24th, Congress gave the President authority to issue $7,000,000,000 of bonds and certificates of indebtedness. The bill was passed by the House three days after it was introduced. It reached the Senate on April 16th and was passed April 17th.

This is the most stupendous sum of money ever placed at the disposal of any earthly Prince, King, Czar, Kaiser, Emperor, or President. It was justly put at the disposition of the President without hesitancy, without opposition, almost without debate. It was at once a vote of confidence in the President, and a proclamation of the willingness of Congress to wage the war with every resource of the land until our enemies shall lie prostrate.

In pursuit of the same policy of hearty coöperation, on various dates Congress passed acts conferring on the

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President most extraordinary and far-reaching powers. May 12th, 1917, the President was authorized to seize all vessels belonging to citizens of enemy nations. May 18th, the President was authorized to draft approximately 1,250,000 men, including the entire National Guard, bringing the total of the army to over 2,000,000. June 15th, espionage prohibited and punished by stringent act. The President was granted absolute control over movements of all vessels, foreign and domestic, in territorial waters of the United States, with right to take possession of the same. On the same date, injury to foreign vessels prohibited under severe penalties. Interference with or obstruction of exportation to foreign countries prohibited and punished. The neutrality act was passed on this date, authorizing the President to withhold clearance of vessels carrying supplies or information to belligerent nations; also authorizing detention of any armed vessel, domestic or foreign, coming within the waters of the United States. The President was further authorized to seize arms and ammunition intended for export.

June 15th witnessed the passage of the embargo act whereby the President was authorized to prohibit exportations from the United States to any or all countries named in his proclamation except at such times and under such regulations as he may fix, and also empowered to refuse clearance to any vessel, domestic or foreign, carrying such goods.

June 15th, Congress at the request of the Administration passed an act to prevent disturbance of foreign relations. This act prohibited willful misstatements calculated to influence the conduct of any foreign government to the injury of the United States. The act further penalized offenses calculated to interfere with the diplomatic relations, etc.; punished making false application for passport and counterfeiting of government seals. The act also provided for a drastic use of search warrants and denied the use of the mails to the publications carrying any matter prohibited by the act. All of the foregoing measures of date of June 15th were considered in one act known as the Espionage Bill.

June 15th, Congress authorized the President to order

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from any person ships and materials; to suspend or cancel or requisition any ships building or built; to require the owner of any plant to place at the disposal of the Government any part of his output. On the same date the right of the President to requisition all ships, ship yards, plants capable of producing materials for ships; to cancel all existing contracts, and generally to take over all and everything necessary to the immediate construction of a navy was renewed and extended. The President was further authorized to expend in building an emergency merchant fleet, $750,000,000. Enormous appropriations were made for the coast defense, aggregating $621,000,000. It was the general opinion in Congress that these enormous grant sof power and money were all that could be desired, but the Administration concluded it to be advisable to build the greatest aviation fleet ever conceived by the brain of man. It asked for $640,000,000. When the bill came before the Military Committee I had the honor to suggest that although it contained many provisions objectionable to the members of the committee we should nevertheless report it out immediately so that the work of construction could begin without delay. The bill was so reported, every man on the committee waiving his objections. Within two days' time it was passed with less than fifty minutes of debate and no dissenting vote.

Other staggering sums, possibly aggregating $10,000,000,000 will be soon demanded. There has not thus far been a hint of Congressional opposition. On the contrary, theer is a complete concert of opinion that the sinnews of war must be furnished without limit.

For weeks the Finance Committee of the Senate has been bending to the difficult task of preparing a bill that will raise the immense revenues necessary. There has been no disposition to shirk responsibility, or to evade the full performance of the very unpleasant duty. When the bill is ready it will be scrutinized, debated, and possibly improved. In any event, Congress has made every effort to produce the best results possible.

This is what I call backing up the President.

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Congress has given him every soldier, every ship, and every dollar he has asked; every cannon, every fortress, every ship yard he has requested. He has authority to commandeer the railways and lines of transportation, and he is authorized to seize great factories, requisition mighty plants, and to summon at will almost the entire resources of the country.

HONEST COUNSEL

But Congress will not fulfill its entire duty unless it gives him one more thing—honest counsel. If Congress fails in this it is recreant to its trust; if it does not give him that then Congress has betrayed the American people. But if all in Congress shall do their part as God gives to them the light, then it will not fail.

Never before has the spectacle occurred of Senators declaring a measure "unwise," "unsound, "of doubtful constitutionality," "uncertain in its effects," and yet asserting their intent to vote for such measures.

Some Senators have found solace in the statement that by so voting they pass the responsibility on to the President. Thus they shirk the responsibility they owe our country. Congressional loyalty to the country consists in giving it honest service, and to the President honest counsel. The curse of great men is the sycophancy of courtiers. Because a majority of the members of Congress have differed from the President are they therefore traitorous rogues? Then it can be shown that 80 per cent. of both Houses are disloyal. The net so spread may catch the feet of those who accuse others. The names of the "Holier Than Thou" may yet be found in the ignominious list. I fear it will embrace nearly all members of the Senate.

It was of common understanding that the President opposed the creation of an Auditing Committee, yet a majority of the Senate voted in the teeth of his insistence. Messengers repeatedly came, oppressed with the weighty burden of Administration advice, yet a majority of the Senate impudently insisted that it was the duty of Congress to see that the people's money be honestly expended. If the test of loyalty is

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blind obedience then there are others whose names must be written in dishonor's growing scroll.

The men in Congress represent great commonwealths—mighty states—whose teeming millions constitute the puissant citizenry of the Republic. They hold their powers from the people. They are trustees of a great and sacred trust. The warrant of their authority is the Constitution; by it they are bound in law; to it they are bound by honor and by oath. Who gives consent to breaking down the form and structure of our Government is a traitor to America—assassin of Liberty. For myself I decline to confuse sycophancy with patriotism, to mistake cringing for statesmanship, or to confound abdication with service.

I make bold to suggest that it may help win this war if Members of Congress extend to each other that decent respect due to membership in a great body. I employ the term "great" because Congress has been constituted by the greatest people on earth, because Congress is the only instrumentality through which that great people may speak their sentiments by legislative acts. Doubtless Members of Congress are less efficient than their critics. But for the present they are here charged with the grave responsibility of legislating. That responsibility they cannot shirk. That duty they may not transfer to another without violence to the Republic and the safety of democracy.

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THE FIGHT FOR A DISEASE-PROOF ARMY

MAJOR LOUIS LIVINGSTON SEAMAN, M.D.

THE American Army is about to engage in a fight to the finish on the battlefields of France, with the most unscrupulous, brutal and unchivalric foe the world has ever seen. The conflict is the most terrible that has ever occurred in history, and its issues the most precious ever fought for, because of their magnitude, and their influence on civilization. It has brought its ravages, and cleared the vision, so that events which before were enigmatical are today presented in clear perspective and we see them in their true light. Those who view the tragedy from a moral standpoint regard it as the most logical event in history. For more than a century—indeed, from the earliest records of the Hohenzollern dynasty, Prussian philosophy has taught that war is *good business,* and that to secure its ends any diabolic methods are justifiable. The Huns have resurrected every fiendish cruelty of past ages, to secure their ends, even resorting to methods discarded by savages. The catapult and stink-pot of the ancients are being employed under new forms to spread poison gases, liquid fire, and poisoning wells. Infectious diseases have been spread through germ cultures, in candies distributed by aeroplanes in crowded cities, with intent of creating epidemics among children.

The Prussian population, and especially the army, have been so thoroughly educated and drilled in these methods of war that no one is longer surprised at their barbarities. From Zeppelin raids to the breaking of treaties, the murder of hostages, the bayoneting of the wounded, and unmentionable crimes, to the deportation of inhabitants of captured territories and their reduction to abject slavery, all is but a repetition of what I have seen of their practices in the Boxer War in China, and in the German colonies in Africa.

Despite these horrors, the American people can look forward with confidence to the final success of the Allies, for

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they know the ideals and traditions of our army, which has never lowered its flag, never been defeated, never sought conquest, but always stood for freedom and liberty, will be maintained, and the result will be victory.

We are not a fighting nation. Our army is maintained to enforce law and order within American boundaries and to protect American rights from foreign aggression, whether at home or abroad. In this fair land alone, the question of peace or war is determined, not by an autocrat or a war junket, but by the will of the people. The American soldier is not, therefore, an automaton, but is a man away from his home on the business of his country. In the great struggle now convulsing the world, the stake is Autocracy versus Democracy—dictatorship, supported by brutal militarism, versus equal rights and justice for all—barbarism versus civilization; and when these issues are at stake, America could not fail to be a participant. As the immortal Lincoln has said: "Many a free country has lost its liberties by failing to protect them."

Lest we forget that in our last war the sacrifice of life from preventable causes amounted to thirteen times the number lost through the casualties of battle; and in the name of that vast army of American dead, whose lives in past wars have been needlessly sacrificed through disease, red tape and incompetency, it is to be hoped that in this conflict many necessary reforms in the medical and other departments will prevent a repetition of such unnecessary losses. For

> "What boots it at one gate to make defense,
> And at another to let in the foe?"

It is gratifying to feel that some of the dangers which in former wars have encompassed our forces are likely in this contest to be abolished.

It must never be forgotten that in every great campaign an army faces two enemies; first, the armed forces of the opposing foe, with its various machines for human destruction, that are met at intervals in open battle; and second, the hidden foe, always found lurking in every camp—the grim

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spectre, ever present, which gathers its victims while soldiers slumber in dug-out, in barrack or in bivouac—the far greater, silent enemy—Disease.

Of these enemies, the history of wars for centuries has proven that in prolonged campaigns, the first, or open enemy, is responsible for 20 per cent. of the mortality; while the second, or the silent enemy has killed 80 per cent. In other words, of every hundred men who have fallen in the great wars of history, twenty died from bullets or wounds while eighty perished from disease, *most of which was preventable.* This dreadful and unnecessary sacrifice of life was a most ghastly proposition until the Russo-Japanese War, when, through rational dietary and the application of practical sanitation, the medical officers of the army did much toward conquering or eliminating preventable disease. Methods employed in that war and the immunization of the troops against typhoid fever tetanus and many other diseases, will undoubtedly lead to a radical difference in the proportion of mortality from battle casualties and diseases in the present conflict. Many noticeable changes may already be seen when visiting the trenches, in the improvements in sanitation, the superior hygiene of the troops, and the rapid transport of the wounded, so that even the battlefield itself has lost some of its terrors. No longer do men lie on the bloody field twenty-four and sometimes thirty-six hours without medical attention or even a drink of water, as occurred in the great pivotal battle of the Marne three years ago, when I was there.

The American Volunteer Motor Ambulance, with its American drivers, has largely contributed to this change, and now many reach Paris, or even London, within twenty-four hours after being wounded.

Wonderful improvement, too, is seen in the treatment of wounds. Preventive sera, administered on the field, stop the development of tetanus, which was so prevalent in the early stages of the war. In the first three months of the present conflict I inspected five hospitals in France, for the British Red Cross in Paris, and counted 456 cases of typhoid fever. Last summer in these same institutions I failed to discover

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a case. But most important is the wonderful success of Dr. Alex. Carrel in his treatment of compound comminuted fractures by continuous saline irrigation, whereby he has solved the problem of destroying infection, and robbed war of one of its most fatal allies. The solution used to accomplish this benign result was discovered by Dr. Dakin, also an American, who, with Dr. Carrel, is attached to the Rockefeller Institute. It is a very simple solution of salts, which possesses the power of destroying septic germs and thoroughly sterilizing wounds, without deleterious effect to the surrounding tissues. As a result wounds of the extremities which were formerly almost invariably treated by amputation, and frequently resulted fatally, are to-day cured in a period of three to four months. It has the additional advantage of relieving the agonizing pain of the patient. As soon as the wound becomes sterile, which is usually after three to six days, all pain ceases, and the convalescence of the patient is rapid and comparatively comfortable.

The character of the wounds differs radically from those in former conflicts. No longer does the bullet play the leading rôle; ragged slivers of shrapnel from bursting shells have supplanted it. Shrapnel carries infection with it and its ravages are serious. Poisonous gases and liquid fire—new deviltries invented by the Huns—are also serious factors.

War as practised to-day is entirely different from anything heretofore known in history. There is none of the pageantry of battle, as pictured in the historic works of Meissonier and Detaille, or Verestchagen, with legions in brilliant uniforms marching toward each other with fixed bayonets or flashing sabres, while gaily plumed aide-de-camps on dashing steeds rush to and fro with orders, and generals sit on their mounts, issuing occasional commands, as the rattle of musketry and boom of artillery fill the air with their thunder—all that has passed—dead as the age of romance. Never again will a *great* war take place in which the contestants can even see each other. Never again will a *great* war occur on the surface of the earth or on the sea. It will be fought largely under ground, in the air, or under

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water. To-day, war is a game of hide and seek, where the fighting armies live under ground, in dugouts or trenches, while the hundreds of thousands of reserves are completely concealed in woods or hidden covers in the rear. The fighting fronts are the most advanced line of trenches, and "No Man's Land" is between—a space possibly not more than one hundred yards in width. The artillery of the opposing forces hurl their shells of enormous calibre by thousands over the heads of their own armies to the lines of the enemy far beyond, or to his trenches, in an effort to destroy him or drive him from his cover, thus giving the opposing force an opportunity to advance and capture the trench. It is then that the terrible charges occur, when men are slaughtered by the hundreds by rapid firing guns, hand grenades or bayonets in hand to hand fighting. To show one's self at other times is only to become an instant target for some vigilant sniper who quickly puts the exposed soldier *hors de combât*. Avions, who are the eyes of the army, direct the fire of the artillery by wireless messages sent from great heights. At other times the battlefield often looks as lonely as a deserted graveyard —where are seen only puffs of white smoke as it bursts from some exploding shell.

Too much praise cannot be accorded to the humanity of the American people, who, since the beginning of the conflict, have done so much to relieve human suffering through their great War Charities.

The first of these to be established in this country was The British War Relief Association, which was formed in August, 1914, three days after war was declared. Since its incorporation it has sent more than six thousand cases of medical, surgical, and other supplies and ambulances to the hospitals in Great Britain, France and Belgium, also to Italy, Rumania and Serbia, and to the refugees in Holland.

In the early days of the Association, when the workers were completing the first one thousand cases of supplies, it was decided to prepare case No. 1,000 with dainty comforts and personal gifts for the soldiers in L'Hôpital Ocean at La Panne. This was addressed to Her Majesty, the Queen

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of the Belgians, for her personal distribution in the wards of this hospital, to which she is giving her entire time. In response to the gift the Queen sent a cordial letter of acceptance and appreciation.

Case No. 2,000, reached in August, 1916, was addressed to Her Majesty, Queen Mary of England, as President of the Grand Priory of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Her Majesty sent a gracious acknowledgment. This case was on exhibition at the Allied Bazaar and the list of contents was printed and widely distributed, showing the various dressings prepared by the Association.

In November, 1916, No. 3,000 was reached, and ten huge cases of personal comforts, including a thousand bath-towels, a thousand cakes of soap and a thousand safety razors were addressed to His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, for his Grenadier Guards in the trenches, and were distributed by him personally.

Case No. 4,000, in January, 1917, was directed to Her Majesty, Queen Alexandra, at Marlborough House. In her letter of appreciation "Her Majesty wishes me to say how truly grateful she is to the Association for the kindness and generosity which has been extended to the Queen Alexandra Military Hospital."

In April, 1917, ten cases were addressed to Queen Mary, at Buckingham Palace, to commemorate case No. 5,000. Included in this contribution were rubber gloves and other rubber supplies, gauze compresses, bandages, pillows and knitted articles. Her Majesty's letter of acknowledgment has been copied and sent to the members of the Association. Her secretary states: "I am commanded by the Queen to convey to the members of the British War Relief Association an expression of Her Majesty's grateful thanks for the ten cases of hospital supplies, which they have been kind enough to send for distributuion among some of the hospitals in England. The Queen is much touched by the kindly thought which prompted this gift, and she desires me to assure the members that the generous and useful comforts will be highly appreciated by our sailors and soldiers."

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One of the privileges the Association has had has been that of sending $500 worth of ether each month to the various hospitals in France, from the Isaac L. Rice Fund for Ether, which was established through the generosity of Mrs. Isaac L. Rice. It has been directed to the various hospitals as close as possible to the firing line where it has been received and acknowledged by the surgeons in charge, and where it brought untold relief to the soldiers who otherwise would have been operated upon without anasthæsia.

A benefit matinee was given for the Association by E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe. A cable was sent to His Majesty, King George, asking his direction as to the expenditure of the funds received from it, and at the suggestion of the King, two thousand dollars' worth of supplies were sent to the British Red Cross at Boulogne.

Among other notable gifts have been cases of surgical instruments and hundreds of pounds of knitting wool, donated by Miss Codman of Newport, and sent to Belgium for the use of the women there in preparing garments for their soldiers and children; ambulances donated through Mrs. Herford, and by Mrs. Gustav Stromberg, Mrs. Van Norden and various local charitable associations.

Other donations of material have been made to the Association to the value of $150,000. Upon one occasion the Association purchased and sent four thousand dollars' worth of underwear to the civilian populace of Northern France and Belgium. Gifts have also been sent to the Queen of Italy and the Queen of Roumania for distribution to the suffering soldiers and people of those unhappy lands.

Many of the hospitals of London are devoted to the treatment of special injuries, as for instance, fractures of the jaw, which are treated mostly at Morvay and Aldershot, which I visited with Sir Arbuthnot Lane, and saw surgical reconstruction work similar to that practised in the American Ambulance in Paris. Conservative surgery is the rule in all British hospitals and amputations are comparatively rare.

In all the wars in which the United States has engaged,

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disease has been responsible for more than 70 per cent of the mortality, more than half of which could have been prevented had the Medical Department of the Army been properly empowered, organized and equipped. Deaths from preventable diseases, more than from wounds, swell the pension lists. Statistics of the Pension Office prove that if this unnecessary loss had been avoided, the saving in pensions alone would have paid the cost of the resulting war every twenty-five years. Aside from the thousands of homes made desolate, consider the economic value of the 70 per cent of lives uselessly sacrificed that might have been saved, as bread-winners in industrial pursuits. Will our authorities still prefer pensions to prevention?

The mistake in the past was largely due to the faulty organization of the Medical Department of the Army, which in this war it is hoped may be remedied. The rank of Surgeon-General should be commensurate with the importance of the department of which he is the head, and he should be responsible only to the Secretary of War or to the President. There should be conferred upon him and his subordinates final authority in all matters of sanitation and hygiene, except in the emergency of battle, when, of course, all authority should devolve upon the officers of the line.

The importance of the Medical, as compared with other Staff Departments, has never been sufficiently recognized or appreciated in our country. Until it is more clearly realized that the most important function of the Medical Officer is in the prevention of disease rather than its cure, the old custom will prevail. To be efficient, the Medical Officer must not only be a good physician, but a sanitarian, a bacteriologist, a chemist, and an administrator. Upon him devolves the duty of preventing disease, and his part in maintaining the effectiveness of the units makes him a most important factor in the military establishment.

The present war offers a splendid opportunity for reforming the laws governing this department. We go on spending millions of dollars a day for the maintenance of our military schools, the education of men in the art of war,

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the manufacture of machines for human destruction, and in the plans necessary for putting those machines into execution, while the study of the equally important subject of prevention of disease, the foe that kills four times as many as the enemy's bullets in the war, is left comparatively unheeded.

Every death from preventable disease is an insult to the intelligence of the age, and when it occurs in the army, where the units are subject to discipline, it becomes a governmental crime. The State deprives the soldier of his liberty, prescribes his hours of rest, his exercise, equipment, dress, diet, and the locality in which he shall reside, and in the hour of danger expects him, if necessary, to lay down his life in defense of its honor. It should, therefore, give him the best sanitation and the best medical supervision that the science of the age can devise. For just as surely as the engineer who disregards the signal, or the train-dispatcher who gives wrong orders, is responsible for the loss of human life which follows, so Congress is responsible for the thousands of soldiers' lives stupidly, criminally sacrificed, not on the glorious field of battle, but in camps from known preventable causes.

Many of us remember the deplorable condition of our Army at the close of the Spanish-American War, in which, as stated in the Surgeon-General's report, 293 deaths occurred from battle casualties, while 3,681 died from disease. This in a war of less than three months' duration, and in which more than three-fourths of the troops engaged never left the camps of their native land! The average mean strength of our Army in that war was about 170,000, and the total number of admissions to the hospitals in four months was over 158,000, or 90 per cent. In the Russo-Japanese War, for the same period, the Japanese had 4 per cent hospital admissions, or about one twenty-second as many as our own. The vast difference in these figures illustrates the value of a Medical and Sanitary Department properly equipped and empowered to enforce practical sanitation and supervision of the dietary. I believe that if the Medical Department of our Army had been properly systematized, with

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sufficient numbers, with supervisory control over the ration, and with power to enforce sanitary and hygienic regulations, the units of our Army would have returned to their homes at the close of the campaign in better physical condition than when they entered it—improved by their summer outing.

The Japanese were the first to recognize the value of an Army Medical Corps. The solution of the great problem of conserving the health of the fighting force of the men in the field, by prevention of disease, by the careful supervision of the details of clothing, subsistence, and sheltering of the units, was their first and most important duty. I was with that Army from almost the beginning of the war to its end, and the Medical Officer seemed omnipresent. He was found in countless places where an American Army Medical Officer would have had no place. He was as much at the front as at the rear; he was with the first screen of scouts with his microscope and chemicals, testing the wells so that the army which should follow should drink no contaminated water. Nothing seemed too small to escape his vigilance, or too tedious to weary his patience. He was a bacteriological expert, fully equipped with his chemicals and microscope to make necessary tests. He was found in every camp lecturing the men on sanitation, the use and application of first-aid dressings of minor wounds, and the hundred and one details of personal hygiene—how to cook, to eat, and when not to drink, to bathe, how to trap flies, and even to the care and cleansing of the finger-nails, to prevent danger from bacteria. Long before the outbreak of hostilities he was with the advance agents of the Army, testing provisions that were being collected for troops that were to follow, and as a consequence of these precautions, he was *not found* treating thousands of cases of intestinal diseases, diarrhœa, dysentery, contagious diseases and fevers, which invariably follow improper subsistence and neglected sanitation—diseases that have brought more campaigns to disastrouus terminations than the strategy of opposing generals, or shrapnel shells and poisonous gases.

In the Russo-Japanese War the Japanese did their kill-

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ing, but they did it differently. They had their tragedies but they were the legitimate tragedies of grim war, not governmental murders through criminal neglect. The total mortality in their war with Russia was about 80,000, of which 60,000 died from battle casualties and 20,000 from disease, or one to four, instead of thirteen to one as occurred in our last war, thus reversing all the statistics of all history.

A measure has been introduced in Congress for a reorganization of the Medical Department of our Army, which, if passed, will give to the Medical Officer advanced rank, supervision and control of the commissariat hygiene, and sanitation of posts, camps, commands and troops, with final authority to enforce such regulations as will prevent or diminish disease, except that, when such orders interfere with necessary war operations, the military commander may suspend them. Without its rank, its pay and its dignities, it is impossible to enforce the respect and discipline necessary for obedience and order. Herbert Spencer, in his Synthetic Philosophy, refers to " the ill-treatment accorded the medical officers of the army " as " a late survival of the days of feudalism, and contempt for the purely scientific."

But changes sometimes come unexpectedly. Fortunate indeed and to be congratulated are our boys at the front in France and in the home training camps of our country that the Army Canteen, as a moral and sanitary necessity, has through the splendid efforts of the Young Men's Christian Association been practically restored. The abolition of this institution, which occurred in the year 1900, was an insult to the intelligence of the age. It combined the features of a reading-room, a recreation-room, a co-operative store and a restaurant. Its primary purpose was to furnish the troops at reasonable prices the articles of ordinary use, wear and consumption, not supplied by the Government, and to afford them means of rational entertainment suited to their tastes and stations in life, which, if denied, they would seek outside the limits of camp. The soldier's life is often a very lonely one, far from home and with few opportunities of enjoying his brief hours when not on duty, he has little to employ his

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leisure, but in the Post-Exchange or Canteen he finds companionship and some relief from the monotony that exists under such restricted conditions of life. Books, opportunities for writing letters, etc., perhaps a game of billiards, dominos or checkers, or other light amusements, serve to relieve many a weary hour. It was under military supervision, where drunkenness was never tolerated but where many little articles not obtainable at the company's mess were brought within the reach of the soldier, and the monotony of camp cookery was agreeably interrupted. Its privileges consisted in the fact that men were permitted to buy a glass or two of light beer—never whiskey, rum, or stronger drink, and a sandwich or biscuit, and the soldier's purchases for this purpose were limited to three dollars a month. Treating, one of the most vicious customs of the American people, was never permitted, gambling was forbidden, and the Canteen was always closed on Sunday. Under new regulations no wine or beer will be sold, but the rooms will be open on Sundays and the Young Woman's Christian Association, which is to participate in its manageemnt, is bringing the healthy moral companionship so valuable in hours of recreation.

In the early days of the American army, drunkenness was very common, and the sick list and death rate from alcoholism were alarming. As stated by the Reverend S. B. Dexter, secretary of the Ministerial Commission of Investigation at Port Sheridan: "It was a time when pay day meant absence from the post of almost half the command; when men were robbed by divekeepers on all sides, and when they were imprisoned in the guard house by the score for drunkenness. Liquor saloons were in abundance at the gates of every post; vile liquors, and sometimes vile drugs, were given out over the bar, and all the abominations annexed to such places were put in the pathway of the young men of the army."

It was, indeed, the harvest day of the divekeepers. Conditions were so monstrous and revolting that reform became imperative, and with this purpose in view the ablest

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and sanest officers of the Army suggested the establishment of the post-exchange or canteen, which was adopted in the service in 1890. This institution was really a soldier's club located within the reservation or post; and had it originally been named the Soldier's Club, the campaign that resulted in its abolition would never have been heard of. Thrusting it into contempt and ignominy by calling it a canteen was as unfair and illogical as would be the calling of any club on Fifth Avenue a dramshop or a groggery.

Alcohol, in the army as well as out of it, is often the connecting link between health and disease—between decency and degradation. It was to reduce to its minimum this influence that the soldier's club or canteen was established. The amount of sickness resulting directly or indirectly from intoxicants diminished 50 per cent during the first six months following its introduction. Such was its origin and such its beneficent results. Seventeen years ago it was abolished.

The testimony of a few witnesses, masters of military administration, on the results that have followed, may be of interest. It may be supposed that these gentlemen are as familiar with the needs of the army and have its welfare as deeply at heart, and are as well qualified to govern it as the whiskey dealers and others through whose influence the canteen was abolished.

The present commanding officer of the army, General Leonard Wood—himself a physician of high standing—says: "The effect of the abolition of the Canteen has been almost unqualifiedly bad."

General Corbin, who commanded the Army in 1902, says: "It would seem unnecessary to argue to a fair-minded person the superiority of a system which provided a mild alcoholic beverage at reasonable cost in moderate quantities, under strict military control, to one which results in luring the soldier away from his barracks to neighboring dives where his body and soul are poisoned by vile liquors, with the accompanying vice of harlotry, and where his money is taken from him by gamblers and thieves."

General Young states: "Reports from officers of all

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grades exhibit practical unanimity of opinion as to the evil effects of this restriction, in increased drunkenness, loathsome diseases contracted by men while under the influence of a bad or drugged liquor, in increased desertions from drunkenness from the same cause, the men, while in a drugged condition, being robbed by their associates of both sexes, and for this reason reluctant to return to their posts."

I was with the American troops stationed at Peking during the Boxer war, after the abolition of the canteen, when an inspection showed that over 50 per cent of all hospital patients were suffering from venereal diseases. This alarming factor in connection with the subject of the canteen is the most momentous that menaces the health of the army to-day. Venereal disease always claims a large proportion of patients in a military hospital, but since the abolition of the canteen the percentage of these cases has more than doubled.

The curse of the army is the groggeries and the brothels that flourish near the outskirts of the posts where alcohol is dispensed, and the frightfully high percentage of venereal diseases resulting from and depending upon it. In Porto Rico I once saw fifty-seven of the ninety-three patients in a military hospital suffering from this disease alone. Personal observation of the hospitals in Cuba during and since the Spanish-American war, in China during the Boxer insurrection, in the Philippines and other places where our troops were stationed, confirms the view that since the abolition of the canteen the percentage of these cases has enormously increased. Recent conditions in Mexico show no improvement.

In 1889, prior to the introduction of the canteen, the admission to hospitals for venereal diseases was 84.66 in a thousand. In 1893, after the canteen was established, it was reduced to seventy-three in a thousand. In 1901 the canteen was abolished, and the following year, in an address before the United States Association of Military Surgeons, I pointed out in no uncertain language the danger to the Army from the great increase of venereal diseases likely to follow and Congress was memorialized to restore it, but nothing was done

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by the Government. Nine years later the admissions from venereal diseases increased to over 200 in a thousand, and at last some of the departments at Washington awakened from their Rip Van Winkle lethargy to a realization of this startling condition.

In 1911, the Surgeon-General in his report said: "The venereal terror has come to outweigh in proportion any sanitary question which now confronts the Army, and neither our national optimism nor the Anglo-Saxon disposition to ignore a subject which is offensive to public prudery can longer excuse a frank and honest confrontation of the problem."

In 1910 there were 14,640 hospital admissions from this cause alone, or about 20 per cent—or fifteen regiments—or one-fifth of the total enlisted strength of the Army. This is *one* year. These figures are out of all proportion to those which obtain in European armies, in all of which canteens are maintained. In the British Army for the same year the admissions from venereal diseases were 7.6 per cent; in the Hungarian Army, 4.5; in the French, 3.5; in the Bavarian, 1.5; in the United States, 19.7.

These frightful conditions led to the reintroduction of the canteen under the auspices of the Red Cross and the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, and its restoration under such admirable management and discipline is a moral and sanitary victory of incomparable and far-reaching import. It will prove a potential and elevating factor in its influence on our men; for as President Wilson recently said to the National Army, "The eyes of all the world will be upon you, because you are in some special sense the soldiers of freedom. Let it be your pride, therefore, to show all men everywhere not only what good soldiers you are, but also what good men you are, keeping yourselves fit and straight in everything, and pure and clean through and through."

Do not imagine for a moment that I am an advocate of alcohol. As resident surgeon, or chief of the medical staff, for eight years of Ward's or Blackwell's Islands, I wit-

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nessed in my daily inspections of hospitals, prisons, almshouses and asylums, scenes which no modern Hogarth could depict. It is no metaphor to attribute the moribund, hopeless, repulsive, excrescent population of those institutions to the parentage of strong drink—for drunkenness and debauchery are inseparable, and crime, poverty, and pestilence are their progeny. Personally, almost a total abstainer, I would, if possible, have alcohol eliminated as a product from the face of the earth. Personally, too, I would abolish wars, as well as armies, and therefore the necessity for canteens—but unfortunately this is not a personal matter. Of course, the canteen is not an ideal institution. Its most ardent advocates frankly admit that the total abolition of intoxicants in the Army, as in the world at large, is a desideratum devoutly to be wished. But recognizing the impossibility of this ideal, the most distinguished officers of the Army devised the soldier's club or canteen as its nearest approach, and its restoration under such admirable management and discipline is a moral and sanitary victory of incomparable and far-reaching import.

America, too, owes a deep debt of gratitude to the various War Relief Societies which so generously contributed to the sufferers of Europe before our country joined the Allies. Our long delay in entering the war when Belgium and France were shedding their life blood for the preservation of our liberties as well as their own threatened to end the traditional friendship begun by Lafayette and Washington and little remained of it but a memory. It would have vanished altogether had not these great relief organizations kept it alive, and it is to them, and our surgeons, our hospitals and nurses, our motor ambulance corps and brave avions that America owes the preservation of the entente cordial now existing between our countries, which, thank God, is stronger today than ever before. Well did General Pershing say at the grave of the great French hero, "Lafayette (*Nous voila*) we are here."

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WHAT CONSTITUTES TREASON?

(CLEVELAND MOFFETT'S STORY, AND AN OUTLINE OF THE WORK OF THE AMERICAN DEFENSE SOCIETY)

BY THE EDITOR

"*TO hell with the Stars and Stripes!*"

What would you do if you heard someone say those words? That is what Cleveland Moffett asked Chief Inspector James E. Dillon at New York Police Headquarters on the morning of August 14th, after he had been arrested on a charge of disorderly conduct for interfering with a seditious and pro-German street gathering.

"*Kick him!*" replied Inspector Dillon, emphatically. He further added that he would help in any way within his power to put down the seditious gatherings.

Mr. Moffett had been arrested the previous night while passing the corner of 37th Street and Broadway, where he paused to hear some remarks that were being made by a speaker who was addressing a large crowd of Friends of Irish Freedom, so termed. The speaker was W. J. Robinson, who used equally offensive and treasonable language to the above, comparing American patriots—Washington and Franklin among others—with Sir Roger Casement, and uttering libelous statements against such honored citizens as Theodore Roosevelt and Elihu Root, one of which statements was: "*When a man in their position advocates the sending of troops three thousand miles away and spilling blood in foreign lands, that man is dangerously near to treason in the United States today.*"

Mr. Moffett replied: "*This is pure pro-Germanism, in spite of this man's attempt to disguise it as a speech in favor of Irish freedom and is nothing more or less than treason, and I am surprised that a body of men like you would listen to it.*"

Policeman Emil Sutting edged his way towards Mr. Moffett and said: "*Move on and don't interrupt this meeting. They have a license to preach here.*"

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To which Mr. Moffett replied: *"Yes, but they have no license to preach treason."*

After an argument in which Mr. Moffett insisted that no speaker had a right to assail America's Allies or attack her national heroes, excitement was created, and he was instructed that he would either have to go away or submit to arrest. Mr. Moffett refused to go away, whereupon the policeman took him to the Men's Night Court before Magistrate Murphy and charged him with disorderly conduct. But when he presented his case he was honorably discharged immediately.

Mr. William H. Hines was also a witness to the statements quoted above, and appealed to the patrolman to have Mr. Robinson locked up. This was done and a charge of disorderly conduct was lodged against him. He was later released on bail of $1,000, pending further examination. He gave his occupation as a stenographer and said he lived at 209 West 87th Street. To a reporter he began: *"While I do not know Mr. Moffett, I wish I did! There ought to be an organization—"* when he was interrupted by one of the crowd, a man by the name of Steven W. Johnson of 339 West 48th Street.

Mr. Johnson said: *"There will be an organization in this country soon enough against the Anglo-Saxons!"*

John D. Moore, national secretary of the Friends of Irish Freedom, was present at Mr. Moffett's hearing next morning, and said that despite their interest in Irish Home Rule, the Irish people in this country were just as patriotic as any other people. But then he turned around and addressed a pettish letter to Mayor Mitchel, denouncing Police Inspector Dillon for having advised Mr. Moffett when he heard a public utterance of treason to "kick" the speaker, and demanding that Dillion be made to retract this statement publicly inasmuch as it tended to encourage riot and disorder, and defending Robinson's utterances at the meetings.

"If the American Defense Society proposes to see that free speech is suppressed, we are just as determined to see that it shall continue," Mr. Moore said. He also said that

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the Sinn Fein meetings would go on, and he intended to make a test case of every arrest where an orator of Robinson's type was involved.

Immediately gutter orators espoused the cause of Irish Freedom, turned their attacks in various parts of the city as mentioned below to vitriolic attacks on "John Bull and his flag," Mayor Mitchel, and what was dubbed his "treachery," and were all held up to the ridicule of three thousand frenzied, booing, and jeering zealots who blocked the traffic completely on 37th Street between Sixth Avenue and Broadway, for three hours.

Steven Johnson was the speaker on the night of August 14th, and eulogized John Mitchel, grandfather of Mayor Mitchel, as the man who had said: "If I could gather the flames of hell in my hands, I would hurl them in the face of England."

"*And to think such a man should have such a grandson as John Purroy Mitchel,*" he went on; "*a man who has turned his back on Ireland's fight for liberty and self-government, and a man we all know to be a traitor to the cause. We hope you will remember this a few months hence when he comes before you as a candidate for re-election and justly punish his treason.*"

Mayor Mitchel need have no fear. He is not depending on traitors and pro-Germans for his re-election, and such talk will win him votes.

At this meeting of the 14th, besides Steven Johnson, there was a speaker introduced as Mr. J. Laughlin, who was just released on bail in Chicago. There was also a Miss Curley of Boston. Both were bitter in their attacks on England and her flag, and both waved the "bloody shirt" in the course of their remarks. Laughlin took it upon himself to refer to Mr. Moffett, or "Little Mr. Muffitt," as he called him, as his Royal Highness, who would move heaven and earth to remove the Court of St. James to Washington, where he could sit on a footstool and worship royalty at close range.

On August 21st, another meeting of the Friends of Irish Freedom was held, at 32d Street and Broadway, at

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which Steven Johnson was the first speaker and shouted that Mr. Moffett was "a damn bad American"—which Mr. Moffett, who was present, violently resented, but was not arrested. At this meeting an elderly woman raised a pole having an American Flag and a Union Jack below it, and a young man sprang toward the woman and snatched the flags from her hands, and threw them into the street. This young man was arrested by Detective Cheady and taken to the West 30th Street Police Station. He gave his name as W. Hearer, a mechanic, living at 358 West 48th Street, saying he was born in Dublin and had been in America one year. A charge was lodged against him of disorderly conduct. Seditious literature entitled "Bull and Anglophobiac" was sold among the crowd by women in sympathy with the meeting, inciting people by other remarks such as: *"Wilson's own father was a traitor to the stars and stripes, and that is the kind of a man you have for President."*

On Saturday night, August 25th, another riotous meeting was held, at which three thousand people collected at their usual place, 37th Street. A sailor in uniform addressed this meeting, denouncing England as an unworthy ally of America in this war, and after considerable boisterous enthusiasm marched down Broadway, blocking traffic and cheering for America and Irish liberty. Five arrests were made, among them the sailor and a man giving his name as Patrick J. Hoey.

On the night of August 29th, a patriotic recruiting meeting was held under the auspices of the American Defense Society at this identical location, 37th Street and Broadway. A considerable crowd gathered in anticipation of the meeting of the Friends of Irish Freedom, but immediately adjourned to 35th Street, west of Broadway, which created a crowd of six thousand people. The speakers were Steven Johnson, John D. Moore, Margaret J. Curley, James E. Cook, Thomas McCoy, and John Wiffenbach.

And so one might continue yet for over a month, since Cleveland Moffett made his protest, the seditious meetings have run on, with occasional arrests, but largely uninterrupted. Sedition and treason have been openly voiced, and

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the traitors who have dared attack the very vitals of our Democracy have gone unpunished. Why? Because the authorities seem unable to decide whether or not these utterances are really seditious and treasonable, and in what degree.

The punishment of treason is death. But what constitutes treason? And are there not gradations of the offense? Clearly, legislation is needed.

ACTIVITIES OF THE AMERICAN DEFENSE SOCIETY

In the year following the ruthless massacre of Belgium by the Imperial German Government, when the standard of world democracy was borne, almost alone, by our sister republic France, the Administration at Washington deliberately ignored the subject of our own national preparedness, thus inviting the organization of a citizen movement in the interest of preserving American ideals of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The result was the formation of the American Defense Society. The Society was formally incorporated under the laws of New York, the signers, irrespective of their political faith, pledging their time, money and faith to the cause of American liberty through adequate national defense.

The first thing done by this small group of citizens, in the name of the American Defense Society, was to address an open letter to the Secretary of War, calling upon him to state publicly whether "his name was being used by his permission to suppress the agitation in favor of American preparedness." The letter itself has yet to be answered. It is interesting to note, however, that within a week after the publication of this open letter came the news that the President had called upon the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy for reports on the condition of our defenses, and for plans looking toward their improvement.

The failure of the Administration to heed the recommendations of the General Staff of the Army and the General Board of the Navy were matters which received the prompt, effective attention of the Society. At a private luncheon, at-

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tended by both Army and Navy officers, the Society organized a publicity committee composed of the foremost American authors. Military exhibits, motion pictures, mass meetings, and a national magazine devoted to the interest of national defense, were instituted without further loss of time. At a meeting of the Advisory Board, held in New York City on July 6, 1916, the American Defense Society formally went on record in favor of universal military service—the first national organization to urge the adoption of this principle of patriotic service.

The attempt of the Secretary of the Navy to discredit an able officer, one rewarded for merit at the Battle of Manila Bay, came to the attention of the Defense Society. The facts of our naval unpreparedness had long been commented upon by Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske. As early as November, 1914, he had made a report on the needs of our Navy. But the report had been suppressed. The Secretary attempted to deny the existence of any such report, and apparently succeeded in courting public favor—until, at the request of the Defense Society, the matter received the consideration of the President of the United States. The result was in every way a complete justification of Admiral Fiske.

With the declaration of war in April, 1917, the Defense Society lost no time in calling upon citizens to support the President in his bill for selective military service. Through an unsolicited gift from Dr. Lee deForest, the Society had funds sufficient to call for patriotic mass meetings and public memorials in the home districts of those Congressmen who, through one reason or another, were opposed to this essential legislation. The result was in many instances a swift alignment in favor of the program favored by the President of the United States.

Since the beginning of our war with Germany, the work of the Society has gone on without interruption—except for delays occasioned by the resignations of officers of the Society who have themselves volunteered to serve at the front. Suggestions on the formation of Home Defense Leagues, and Food Conservation, have each in turn been taken up by

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the Society. Recently, through the efforts of the Society, the attention of the public press was centered upon the valuable war information obtained through German insurance companies, and following swiftly upon this exposure of enemy activity came the proclamation from the President forbidding further marine insurance in German companies.

The unpublished facts of German victories up-to-date, the world-wide aims of the Prussian Empire, as given by German writers themselves—these are the immediate matters to which the American Defense Society is now directing public attention, in addition to bringing public support to the war program outlined by the President of the United States. Altogether, in the brief space of two years, through generous public support, much has been accomplished, but there is more to be done, not the least of which concerns the activities of the Imperial German Government within our borders. Political treachery, dynamite, peace meetings for Americans, deadly germs and poison distributed in the guise of medicine —these are the weapons of Imperial Germany in America today, and these are matters which should receive the attention of all those Americans who hold dear the cause of liberty, to which our forefathers dedicated their lives, their fortunes, and their honor.

THE VARIOUS COMMITTEES

The National Committee of The American Defense Society consists of more than one thousand men of prominence, representing every state in the union. These men are in hearty sympathy with the aims of the Society and have been of inestimable service to the cause of preparedness.

The Women's National Committee is composed of women who are taking a leading part in patriotic war relief work. At the head of this organization is Mrs. William Cumming Story, until recently President General of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Junior American Defense Society detachments have been formed in the high schools of the United States. These detachments consist of able-bodied volunteers in the junior

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and senior classes. The purpose is to train the boys under competent and expert supervision, so that when Universal Military Training is adopted they can enter the service physically and morally prepared, and skilled in military fundamentals.

In addition, under the leadership of Cleveland Moffett, the Vigilance Corps has been formed. Mr. Moffett, as Chairman of the Committee on Alien Enemies and Traitors of the Society, is the acting head of this Corps. Formed of picked men, they are patrolling the streets of New York and nearby cities and towns daily and nightly, looking for cases of law violations by disloyal men and women street-corner speakers. The Vigilance Corps will be extended throughout the United States.

A CHANCE TO SERVE

Here is an excellent opportunity for patriotic citizens who are unable to go to the Front to serve their country—at home. For there are great battles for freedom to be fought right here among us.

We are at war with the leading military nation of the world. The first of our troops are now under fire in France. Our sailors on the high seas are facing the attack of submarines. We have established a line of troop ships. The National Guard has been called into Federal service. We are building enormous army camps. We have registered 10,000,000 young men for service.

Congress has voted a war credit of billions. There is $640,000,000 for airplanes alone. The navy yards are working three shifts a day. The shipbuilding companies are launching a fleet of wood and steel. The President, the Cabinet, Congress, the men in the Navy, those in the trenches, and the great army in training camps are all doing their part. But that is not enough.

Since August, 1914, German military forces have trebled their recruiting capacity. Today German dominion extends from the North Sea, through Constantinople, to the Persian Gulf. German armies are in Belgium, France, and Russia.

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German aviators are repeatedly bombarding the City of London. German submarines have sunk millions of tonnage.

Well water is poisoned, aged citizens are coldly shot down, women and girls are outraged in the public squares, and little children are bayoneted, when German troops enter the towns of Belgium and France. It is well that we should bear all this in mind, for such atrocities go to show the kind of an enemy our troops are now facing in the trenches.

It is further vital to our immediate well being, and to our future, that we know of such uncivilized warfare and of such savage ideals of strength; above all, when we find German writings today filled with dreams of world dominion, not only in this present war but "in the wars to come." The danger is one that threatens the immediate safety and future of our democracy.

In this war, if you cannot go to the front, you will hardly be content unless you are doing your share at home, especially when you read of the great disaster in Russia and of the great inroads of the German submarines.

Germany today is mobilized to the last man and woman, and if America is to win this war, America must mobilize, not only men at the front, but those at home. If you are one of those at home, you will want to know how you can best help to back up the men in the trenches. Service at home does not necessarily mean that you give up family obligations, or the time necessary for earning your livelihood. Such service can and should be given in your spare time.

The first thing you can do is to concern yourself with the desperate activities of the German Empire in this country. Some of these activities are political; others are attempts at dynamiting our war plants, spreading German propaganda through the medium of peace talk or infecting our people through deadly germs sold, or given away, in the guise of medicine.

If you are an American citizen, if you believe in the ideal of life, liberty and happiness for which our forefathers gave their lives in the Revolution; if you are not at the front—then it is high time that you aid in patriotic American work

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at home by enrolling in an organization like the American Defense Society which is made up of citizens who, without thought of personal gain, are giving their time, enthusiasm and money to the cause of American liberty.

ACTIVITIES OF HOME DEFENSE LEAGUES

Here are a dozen things home guards can do: 1. Suppress local disorders. 2. Guard bridges, public buildings, and utilities and important industrial plants. 3. Patrol towns, surrounding country, rivers, harbors, and sea-coast. 4. Help naturalize good citizens; record and supervise persons of questionable loyalty. 5. Cooperate with police and military, city and state government, and Defense Leagues of adjoining towns. 6. Organize mounted squads, horse, motor, and cycle; provide uniforms or insignia, night-sticks, revolvers, etc.; have some system of emergency calls, and answer them; swear in firemen, janitors, and trolleymen as home guards or local police. 7. Help take the census—military, industrial, farming and personal. 8. Arouse interest in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, National Guard, and Reserve Corps; get more people interested and at work every day. 9. Cooperate with the Board of Health and Fire Department; help the Red Cross, Boy Scouts and other international organizations. 10. Help enroll men for industrial service, as well as enlist for military service; help organize non-combatant divisions for national service. 11. Register motors, vehicles, etc., for home defense and military use. 12. In general, act as an emergency police body, supplementing both the military and the police.

The Secretary of War has requested all Governors to organize Public Safety Commissions to administer war activities in the several states. This will be followed by a statewide organization of Home Defense Leagues which will supplement and extend the activities of municipal governments, and serve as local clearing houses for war activities in every community. Hundreds of these local leagues are already organized under various names and doing good work.

In response to a multitude of queries, the American

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Defense Society submits the following general scheme of organization and activities for Home Defense Leagues throughout the country. While the primary purpose of each League is local deefnse and protection, it should organize along broad lines in contemplation of expansion to meet all war demands which might overtax the municipal government, and distribute the work according to the character of local industries, resources and population.

The most efficient and progressive Leagues have a large and well-balanced General Committee including one or more members of the municipal government and a representative from each of the most influential and essential elements of the community. In common with your municipal government, assume that every man and woman and acre and industry in your community is under your jurisdiction, and a unit in your League. This is your field. Since all are patriots like yourself, you are at liberty to call on them for anything. If they really cannot do it, try some one else.

Organize one or more companies of Home Guards of loyal citizens. They should be physically fit, and of sober habits and cool heads. Select men who are over the prescribed military age, men with families, business men with some leisure time, men in professional, scientific, educational and industrial pursuits, who cannot be spared for soldiering, but should continue their normal labors in the community with as little interruption as possible.

WHAT IS BEING DONE

There are traitors in our midst, traitors and spies. The American Defense Society and other praiseworthy organizations are doing the best they can to fight these enemies of the Nation. But something more must be done. Summary and lasting action must be taken at Washington. Decisions must be handed down, putting in black and white for once and all just what treason is and just what punishment it shall receive. Only in that way will the present vagueness and uncertainty and confusion be eliminated. How can the situation be handled under the existing conditions, when the

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police say one thing and the judges say another, and the law still another.

Mr. Moffett, in demanding that immediate action be taken against the "soap box" traitors, said:

"I urged the American Defense Vigilantes to make no arrests on Saturday night in the hope that, after all this publicity, the great mass of patriotic citizens, the Broadway throng, would take the matter into their own hands and voluntarily stop these disloyal attacks on our ally, England. Alas, not one hand was lifted, not one voice was raised in protest during an hour of bitter insult.

"Is it possible the citizens of New York City are indifferent to these things? Have they no feeling of solidarity with the great nation that is guarding the high seas for us? Do they not realize that this soap box oratory is paid German propaganda, hiding behind the skirts of Ireland?

"I am not an Anglomaniac. I am half Irish and, in normal times, I prefer Ireland to England. But these are not normal times. These are war times, when we must stand united against Germany or fall.

"A man does not stop to fix the plumbing in his house when the house is on fire. He puts out the fire first.

"In a cablegram from France published this morning General Pershing deplores the lukewarmness of the American people toward this war. We must listen to him. We must rouse ourselves. We must act against treason. We must stamp out disloyalty in New York City and elsewhere. We must be ready to take personal trouble, glad to take personal risks, in order to accomplish this.

"Let us remember that in a year or two the white souls of a million dead soldiers, American lads, our dear sons, will be speaking to us from their graves, on the battlefields of Europe, asking what we did over here to stand behind them; what we did over here for the cause of world liberty.

"Was it merely a matter of talking? Was it merely a matter of signing cheques and folding bandages, of cold business efficiency? Is that all; did we face no personal danger? Did we suffer no personal inconvenience? In what

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way did we actually, with our own bodies, get into the trenches of sedition here, into the foul and slimy labyrinths of treachery and disunion that are spreading and burrowing into the heart of this nation?

"That is what the white souls of a million American lads, our sons, will be asking us in a year or two from their graves on the battlefields of Europe. And we must answer them. God, let us answer worthily."

Mr. Moffett took further steps in the matter, addressing to President Wilson the following letter:

"It seems to me that, with disloyalty working in various high and low places (not much disloyalty, thank God, but some), the time has come when Americans, including the police, must be told clearly what is treason and what is not treason. What is sedition and what is not sedition? How far can a street speaker go in attacking and insulting our Allies, our flag, our most sacred traditions? Are there no limits to the right of free speech? If the Constitution of the United States guarantees to orators a certain wide latitude in time of peace does that latitude obtain in time of war, when it may constitute a menace to the safety of the nation?

"I respectfully submit, inasmuch as we have entered this war for the loftiest reasons, for the welfare of humanity, that we must regard loyalty to our Allies as a sacred duty and disloyalty to our Allies as not less treasonable than disloyalty to the Stars and Stripes. Those who are not against Germany are for Germany—there is no middle ground. Any American who assails the enemies of Germany assails America itself. All Germans know this. All Americans should know it. It does not matter whether we love England or hate her—I myself am half Irish and sympathize with Irish wrongs—that is not the question now; the question is whether this nation is going to fight or die?

"I submit, Mr. President, that this is a very grave state of affairs and I make bold to urge that you define clearly what constitute treason and sedition, and that you deal vigorously with these well attested evils of disloyal street speaking all

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over the land by such means, legislative or other, as may commend themselves to your wise judgment."

THE TIME TO ACT IS NOW

We must prepare ourselves spiritually as well as materially for the great struggle that is before us. We must rid ourselves of the forces of sedition and treason that are everywhere manifest and strip ourselves for action. The spiritual soul of America can and will be touched. But let it be touched right away. There is no need to wait until the lists of dead begin to come in. Let us act now—

1. To procure the legislation necessary for the punishment of spies and traitors.
2. To put down anarchy and sedition.
3. To suppress pro-German propaganda.
4. To stop all aid and comfort to the enemy.

This is the best and surest way to whip the Hun in America. Our Armies, in connection with those of our brave Allies, can be depended upon to whip him on his foreign fronts.

ERASED

THOMAS GRANT SPRINGER

I DREAMED I trod a space of wave-washed sand
Close to the rushes of the raging sea;
And one who was my guide and held my hand
Stopped as we roamed and pointed out to me
A maiden writing, on the damp sea floor,

Names here and there with aimless finger traced.

But as she wrote the hissing foam swept o'er
Her handiwork, and it was all erased.
Perplexed, I asked my guide: "Pray who is she?
Under the ebbing wave she wrote my name."
He said: "Men call her Popularity,
And what she writes upon the sand is Fame."

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THE CREEL PRESS CABINET

AN INSIGHT INTO THE CENSORSHIP

WILLIAM DE WAGSTAFFE

GEORGE CREEL, the first man to announce the fact that we were to have a censorship during the war, has a policy of action that seriously concerns us. It is far from an alarming one. On the contrary it should have our support. Since his appointment as Civilian Chairman of the Committee on Public Information, he has tried to make that policy clear.

How far the influence of the Creel Committee, as it is known in Washington, will affect the readers of the newspapers of the United States is what we are especially concerned about.

Will the operations of this committee establish a censorship over our news to the extent of hiding important facts about the war, or will it assist us in getting a clearer knowledge than we should expect from the regular channels of uncensored news?

There are two sides to this question. Since we are at war, our news system required a change. At least that was the reason for the President's appointment of this committee, according to Mr. Creel. The secrecy of war plans had to be safeguarded, the Government had to take such charge of Government news as it deemed expedient. But no time was there any inclination in the minds of the Creel Committee to edit the newspapers, or to suppress the facts of the war from the people. That is the Creel side of the question.

Our side of it is, do we want to read what the Creel Committee propose we ought to read?

Can we rely on the sincerity of its intentions towards letting us know what is vital to our interests, that is, the news of our men at the front? According to Mr. Creel himself, we can, but we must accept the conditions, which can all be summed up in the grave fact that we are at war, and our newspaper talk must be strictly of a kind that will not give

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the enemy any premature information. Misunderstandings have arisen on this account, which the Creel Committee have been trying to explain.

WHAT THE CENSORSHIP IS

Mr. Creel individually, and his six or seven assistants who are directing the difficult course laid out for them, expected to be misunderstood. But it is no longer a question whether the Creel Committee is a bureau of censorship. The point to remember is that its personnel are a unit attached by Executive Order to the White House, and answerable to the President only.

In these days it is well to realize that the White House is making a success of everything it undertakes; also that it is demonstrating forethought. The 22,000 editors of this country to whom the President speaks through the medium of the Creel Committee can also banish the impression that this bureau is a censorship system. It may not be talkative, it may have certain definite reasons for reticence, and it may be even conservative in the character of its news. But it has come to stay with us during the war, and it is going to continue to put the stamp of Washington on its information.

Those editors who still cling to the unquestioned value of the " exclusive story " will be discouraged by the purposes of the Creel Committee, just as a great many other people have been discouraged by recent influences emanating from the White House.

Washington has not been pleased with the newspapers lately. Members of Congress have been particularly outspoken in their criticism of the uncertainties of the press. There has been a lack of intelligent harmony, they say, between the press of the country and the enormous difficulties that have overwhelmed the men in Washington since the declaration of war. These are not personal views; they are the reflection of statements and opinions from authoritative sources. Perhaps, if these conditions had not developed, the Committee on Public Information would not have happened. No one is to blame for its existence except the newspapers

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themselves. It is the President's wish to harmonize the duties of the Government with the duties of the press. With his temperamental intuition for solving National problems in the most diplomatic manner, such a committee as this one was to be expected.

It was founded upon certain policies, to be conducted by certain methods, that should in no way interfere with the freedom of the press. There was to be no censorship in the definite sense of the word. The Creel Committee does not glory in the offices of a censor. It cannot forbid the publication of any manuscript. It is not empowered to examine manuscripts for that purpose. It cannot decide whether a manuscript is obnoxious or not. It is specifically understood by the heads of this committee that they have nothing to do with criticism, with opinion, with any editorial statement expressed. As each member of the committee is officially a government officer, its services become a voluntary implication to the press of the wishes of the Government.

It is not an expensive organization. There are men working in it who are receiving no pay to speak of. There are no expensive salaries. Special writers are occasionally assigned to prepare special articles, and their work is frequently donated. There is a great deal of work being done in Washington just now, in a hearty, patriotic spirit of helpfulness, without charge. It is not talked about and it is not asked. The Creel Committee is receiving a good deal of help of this sort.

The offices of the committee are modest. I asked one of them if they did not soon expect to have a marble building put up for them. He resented the suggestion. "Our work depends upon what we accomplish, not what we look like," he said.

If men were labeled as we label our smokes, George Creel would be marked "medium." A slender, dark, small man, with a pale face, who wears his hair long, but who affects no importance, and who invites no special attention outwardly. His appointment by the President as the Civilian Chairman of the Committee was a surprise. There was the usual gos-

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sip about any man who is pleasantly placed. He was attacked on the floor of Congress, he was abused by the newspapers, he was slated for immediate dismissal, because of alleged censorship, but his energies quickened, and his power increased. I was told that just after his appointment he spent most of his time like any other reporter, running about from one department to the other gathering news, stuffing it in his pockets or in his hat, and rushing back to his desk in the Navy Library Building. At any rate, the beginning of the work of the Committee was all on Creel's shoulders, and they are not broad. That was three months ago.

In that short time he has organized a government department that is as important as any of them.

Of course it was something entirely new, and the trail was unprecedently hard to make. He had the assistance of the Cabinet Officers, and no doubt the constant advice of the President, but the creative character of the work he had to do. There is probably no Government department about which less is known, or about which there is more curiosity.

Practically it represents the President as an editorial adviser to the country, not through any ambition to influence public opinion, but to give the editors service. That word is the pervading character of the work of this Committee. It is used in explanation of every phase of their activities. The scope of this service is only just opening out before them. As it grows, it will become a clearing house for all that the Government has to say to the newspapers. Furthermore, it will become the only channel through which the newspapers will navigate their difficult course in Government facts as they emerge to the open sea of conjecture.

The plans now in operation predict this as the ultimate consequence of the work of this Committee.

THE CREEL COMMITTEE

That the " Creel Committee," as the Committee on Public Information created by the President on April 14th of this year is called in Washington, is a paradoxical organization, and indifferent to the fact, was officially stated to me

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during a day spent in the Committee's headquarters at 10 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C.

As each man in charge of a department of the Creel Committee is under the direct advice of the White House, they become a duly appointed Press Cabinet to the President. If any one of them were requested to get out a daily newspaper, they could do it. By training and experience, most of them would be in sympathy with the exclusive story. Their repression in this respect is commendable, because they are doubtless in a position to supply what the editors would regard as "startling news."

The building which they occupy in Washington hums with the coveted news values of private wires to the desks of the Cabinet. What they suppress was once known in the newspaper office as "scoops." What they release is known in the newspapers as "statements," useful only when unattainable elsewhere. As former newspaper men they have had to completely re-organize their dispositions, for the most important consideration of their duties is to guard against any statement which will give aid to the enemy getting to the press. This of course is a universal caution with most of the newspapers of the country, but it has been found to be inadvertently neglected.

Then too, a great part of the duties of the members of this Committee has been to educate the Government departments into certain news values of their work. The outside reporters are given the widest confidence among all officials of the Government, and they are expected to treat all information as confidential.

Statements from the White House will be made by this Committee, as will all other matters of Government interest. Instead of censorship, it is the wish of the Committee to assist the newspapers in securing any information required. In a general way the chief duties of the Committee compel them to act as judges of news that it is desirable for the Government to release.

The members of this Press Cabinet are here named in the order of their responsibilities, although each is burdened

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with equal obligation to the President:

Chairman.....George Creel
Director of Civic and Educational Co-operation,
Prof. Guy Stanton Foster
Director of News and Publicity.....J. W. McConoughy
Director of Four-Minute-Men.....W. McCormick Blair
Director of Visé.....Edgar Sisson
Editor of Official Bulletin.....E. S. Rochester
Director of Syndicate Department.....T. Ames Brown
Director of Pictures.....W. A. Brady

THE MOTIVE OF THE COMMITTEE

Upon closer examination the Creel Committee becomes paradoxical. With its right hand it gives out news, with its left it censors news. That is to say, it censors news that concerns secret war plans. To reveal such plans would put the people and the country in danger. That is the fundamental motive underlying American censorship.

"The motive for the establishment of this internal censorship is not merely fear of petty criticism, but distrust of democratic common sense. The officials fear that the people will be stampeded by false news and sensational scare stories.

"The danger feared is real, but the experience of Europe indicates that censorship regulations do not solve problems. A printed story is tangible even if false. It can be denied. Its falsity can be proven. It is not nearly as dangerous as false rumor.

"The atmosphere created by common knowledge that the news is being suppressed is an ideal 'Culture' for the propaganda of the bacteria of enemy rumors."

This in part, is an official explanation of the censorship. Including a great quantity of other information issued in pamphlet form, the press was asked to spread broadcast the plans of the committee. George Creel's own foreword to this pamphlet is illuminative:

"Belligerent countries are usually at pains to veil in secrecy all operations of censorship. Rules and regulations are issued as 'private and confidential.' Each pamphlet is numbered and the recipient held to strict accountability for its safe and secret keeping. The committee on Public Information has decided against this policy, and the press is at liberty to give full publicity to this communication. It is well to

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let the people know just what it is this committee desires, so that there may be the least impairment of public confidence in the printed information presented to it."

Public confidence has been in the keeping of the editors so long without interference by the people that in this premise the Creel Committee undertook a difficult task. Even the President's effort to assist the purpose of the committee in the following statement was not entirely convincing.

The President said:

"I can imagine no greater disservice to the country than to establish a system of censorship that would deny to the people of a free Republic like our own their indisputable right to criticize their own public officials. While exercising the great powers of the office I hold, I would regret in a crisis like the one through which we are now passing to lose the benefit of patriotic and intelligent criticism."

In European countries the censors are arbitrary. They decide whether editorial opinion, criticism, phraseology, and the purposes in the publications are permissible in a country at war. They have absolute authority to suspend any publication.

As a matter of fact, censorship has been found necessary because of the spy system of the enemy. The work of the Creel Committee therefore becomes only a small part of the espionage system of the United States Government.

"We are at war," says Creel. And a Washington correspondent trained to the highest efficiency in discovering accurate news, replies, "I know it, but why should I have to be told by your committee?"

Creel has an oriental expression, inscrutably cunning, and when he is confronted with this perfectly legitimate objection to censorship he says something like this: "I cannot be quoted. I cannot give any opinion. You must see the reasons for censorship yourself. Be amiable and recognize that the Government asks you to censor these facts." Or: ""There is no penalty for violation of these rules we give you, excepting that which binds us all to the protection of the flag against the enemy."

Still the attitude of the editors towards Creel has, in

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some instances, been openly belligerent. They have challenged him. They have published articles in violation of the rules of the committee, and then written Washington asking what is the penalty for the deed.

THE RULES OF THE GAME

There is no penalty. The rules are merely submitted to the press as an expression of the Government's wishes. The rules are not arbitrary. For instance, here are some of the most important classes of "taboo" information:

Information in regard to the train or boat movement of troops. Such information is at all times and under all circumstances dangerous and should be scrupulously avoided.

Information tending directly or indirectly to disclose the number or identity of troops in the expeditionary forces abroad.

Information tending to disclose the names of line officers in expeditionary forces and reference to individual units of these forces. Only names of staff officers are permissible.

Information calculated to disclose the location of permanent bases abroad.

Information of the arrival at any European port of American war vessels, transports, or any portion of an expeditionary force, combatant, or non-combatant, until announcement is authorized by the Secretary of War or the Secretary of the Navy.

Information of the locality, number, or identity of warships belonging to our own Navy or to the navies of any country at war with Germany. Papers published in ports should with especial care refrain from giving information to enemy agents in regard to ships stationed or calling at such ports. Because dangerous news is known locally, it does not follow that it can be safely published. Non-publication of dangerous news obliges the enemy to rely on spies actually in the localities concerned, thus adding difficulties and delay in its transmission.

Information of the identities of American merchant ships defending themselves against submarines, and the identities of their captains, their gun crews, their crews. No matter from which side of the ocean comes the news, it is asked that this information be withheld from publication. Editors will appreciate the importance of coöperation to withhold from the enemy such information as might expose the officers and men of merchant ships to the danger of cruel and outrageous reprisal.

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Information of the laying of mines or mine fields or of any harbor defenses.

Information of the aircraft and appurtenances used at Government aviation schools for experimental tests under military authority.

Information of the train or boat schedules of traveling official missions in transit through the United States.

Information of the transportation of munitions, or of war material.

It would be no hardship to the people if these rules were compelling and in most instances the press have adopted them automatically, which they would have done in any event, perhaps. It was stated that the President favored a law that would incur a penalty upon the newspapers if they violated these rules. Creel himself did not favor it. His influence in the matter was not the deciding factor, of course, but his suggestions abated the President's inclination.

That this committee is one of the most sensitive parts of the national welfare is clearly indicated, for Creel is doing his best to harmonize the war secrets of the Government with the demands of the people for quick, accurate news. This is expressed in every department of the committee. Some of the departments, however, digress entirely from the idea of censorship. They exist only to exploit the rush and efficiency of war preparations, or, they exist to arouse the people through the medium of the press, with the feeling, the impulses of war.

"We are not tightly in the grip of war. The people do not all understand that we are really at war," said one of the committee. It is this assumption perhaps that irritates the patriotism of the press, because to some extent it is true. The problem which Creel is disentagling is the impression that the committee is a publicity bureau forced upon the press by the White House. The temporary confusion of Government policies puts the Creel Committee among the paradoxes of this epoch-making period in American history.

DEPARTMENTS OF THE COMMITTEE

Take the department of the committee, rather flamboyantly announced as "The Department of Educational and

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Civic Coöperation," under the direction of an American professor of the University of Minnesota. He was lifted bodily from the chair of English Literature in the Far West into Government service. A college man, through and through, his duties involve the preparation, editing, selection of material that will inspire the instincts of patriotism and war. It is issued by the committee in pamphlet form. The series is called the " Red, White, and Blue Books." One of them is entitled " How the War Came to America." They are issued in hundreds of thousands, and distributed broadcast. They are war propaganda of America for Americans. A pamphlet entitled " General Sherman's Warning, A Plea to Congress and the Press to De-Limit the News," has also been issued. It may enjoy the distinction of having coined a new composite word, " de-limit."

A reprint of the President's message to Congress on April 2nd, 1917, elaborately annotated, is another valuable pamphlet, because it emphasizes the leading facts that brought us into the war. Recently two professors of a Western college wrote a helpful series of articles for the American soldiers in camp. They donated their work to the Government and the soldiers will have to read it. Nothing that this department is doing has anything to do with censorship. Its effect upon those people who read Government pamphlets is to drive home the President's ideas of what we are in the war for. It is propaganda of high order, frank publicity matter. The country is being flooded with it, and more of it is to come.

The professor talks about his duties enjoyably, and the committee are pleased with his success, but the material can all be stamped " patriotism," which the editorial writers of the country are doing industriously, in language that the people understand. There is no room in the newspapers for this sort of pamphlet material; there is a predisposition among the reading public that pamphlets are dry reading.

Another department of the Creel Committee is oddly called " the Department of the Four-Minute Men." It sounds colonial, but it is essentially modern. Two alert and business-like young men, of the sort that are supposed to have a

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"punch," are in charge. They have organized an army of four-minute speakers, who appear in the motion picture theatres of the country, and speak for four minutes on Government topics.

"Our campaign is intended to get results, and we are getting them," said the chief of the department.

Obviously, the needs of promotion, for which this committee was partly formed, are well attended to. There is an element of business in this promotion side of the committee's work, that is justified by the enormous necessities of the Treasury just now. These two young men are conducting this department in their shirt sleeves. There is no formality about them. They remind one of the advance agents of a big show. The men who make the speeches in the motion picture houses are volunteers and usually selected for their local popularity. This plan saves the Government traveling expenses. The speeches are outlined in Washington, and read by the speakers. They are usually appeals for contributions to the various Government funds required to prosecute the war. The result of this campaign has been successful, and has helped to arouse the few lukewarm Americans who need such treatment.

Of course, it is a department devoted to the interesting game of advertising. The Government has gone in heavily for this form of patriotic appeal since the war. The "Department of the Four-Minute Men" has demonstrated, to the tune of millions of dollars, that advertising pays.

THE MEN BEHIND

The closer we get to the actual workrooms of the committee the more evident it becomes that the President and the members of his Cabinet are in direct control.

For instance, take that unique and exclusive publication, "The Official Bulletin," which has caused so many editorial misgivings as to its station in life. It bears the following significant statement on its brow: "Published daily under order of the President by the Committee on Public Information, George Creel, Chairman."

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It is small in size, but fat with news, a tabloid edition of unpublished facts that have failed to seize the interest of the Washington correspondent. There are readers to whom the "Official Bulletin" may seem too unpretentious for a Presidential organ, but to the majority of readers it will be as interesting as the ticker news service. In its makeup it has all the brevity, the unexpected thrill, the cold conservatism of official fact that distinguishes the ticker. You turn its pages with a delicious sense of suspense, for as you read the announcement of an appointment, your eye slides down the column and you come upon a headline like this: "Rescue by American Warship of Survivors of Mexican Colony, After Spending Years on Barren Island Battling Against Disease and Death, Described by Its Commodore."

The headlines are the chief sensation; the article itself is an official report. The editor is E. S. Rochester, and his days are spent in condensing the official orders and Government instructions of each hour into form for reading. Recently the appointments of the officers for the National Army were placed in his hands. The complete list of names is to be found only in the Bulletin. It is in cases of this sort that an official organ is necessary for the Government, as a Record is necessary for Congress.

But there is no political meaning to the "Official Bulletin," no taint of personal gossip, no sporting column, no society column, no feature stories highly seasoned. The only interest the Bulletin has is as a record of the Government's business. Its very modesty of form justifies its character in the field of publications. It has no competition. It belongs to the plan of Government advertising, and as such is most legitimate.

A vital artery of the Creel Committee is "The News and Publicity Department." It receives official statements, sifts the changing facts of the war as they affect the interests of the United States, distributes them directly to the news editors of the country, or suppresses them till in the judgment of the committee they can be safely released. Time, the deciding factor, is the supreme test of censorship. It is not the

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object of this department to hide the fact so much as to avoid being premature with it.

J. W. McConoughy, in charge of this department, is a six-foot reporter drafted from an evening newspaper in New York. He is the umpire of the daily censorship game. Secret moves of the Government are within his reach. At his elbow are four telephones, two leading directly to the private ears of the Secretary of the Navy and the Secretary of War. The other two are outside wires. From the Government building comes the news, primarily viséed by special censors. The " copy " is read by McConoughy, edited if necessary, rewritten if desirable, sent to the stenographer's room, put on the wire for the editors, for immediate release. As it is generally understood that all official statements are submitted first to the committee, there is no confusion of outgoing Government news.

For instance, when the announcements from the War Department of the commissions issued to the men who have been training in the officers' camps were ready to be sent out, the way in which this work should be done was referred to the committee. To release the entire list at once would have choked the telegraph line. So it was decided to issue the names in batches of 4,000, so that the telegraph wires would not be overburdened. This is only one example of forethought in the difficult business of transmitting a kind of news that is very close to the hearts of the people. It is in such news as this that one can realize the need for a censorship judgment, for a kindly supervision of the facts that will grow out of war, in the interests of America at large. All statements issued from Government departments are sent to this editor of the Creel Committee for final O. K. Upon his judgment rests a great deal of the responsibility for the sort of news the Government wishes to issue, and that is why he has at his elbow a direct wire to the managers of our national welfare. There is very little confusion of judgment, because all the working staff of the Creel Committee are in remarkable accord. A reporter appeared at the editor's desk with a typewritten statement from one of the departments.

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"But Mr. Creel will not give out any statement today," said the editor positively.

"So I understood," said the reporter, "but here is a statement given out by Mr. Creel."

The editor hesitated a moment, read the statement carefully, and did what any one of the committee would have done, went at once to Creel's office for a decision.

This illustrates the guardianship which the editors of the Creel Committee maintain over such news as they are entitled to direct. In the case of a technical description of an engineering problem in the war, it is necessary that it should be rewritten by one of the editors of the committee. Such a situation actually occurred, and the article, rewritten from technical information, was widely published after being sent out.

"But why couldn't you have given that technical pamphlet to the reporters, and let them write it up themselves?" McConoughy was asked.

"It was important that the technical facts should be correctly stated, and we felt that we were doing the newspapers a service, by preparing that work for them," he replied.

Every hour of the twenty-four an editor is on duty for the Creel Committee. The idea is to provide useful service for the newspapers. Should any important statement or piece of news concerning the war find its way to any newspaper, it can be immediately and authoritatively confirmed by the editor of the Creel Committee on duty at the time. He can be reached at his desk by long-distance telephone. He can reach the President or any cabinet officer from his desk at any moment. That is really the entire purpose of the President's Press Cabinet, to be of genuine service to the people in our great crisis, and to inspire our efficiency and our help for the Government.

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HOW OUR RESERVE OFFICERS ARE MADE

CAPTAIN EDWARD LYELL FOX

THE lives of the men in the vast National Army called to the colors are in the hands of a new type of officer. Likewise their health, morals, spiritual forces and fighting efficiency. Obviously an enormous responsibility—both to the men whom they command and to our country who commands them. Hurling, as we are, regiment upon regiment into the battle front of our Allies, the responsibility of each of these officers who has come out of the reserve officers' training camps becomes stupendous. Upon their fitness for war the decision rests. Are the conquering dreams of Germany's insane "military party" to become realized, or is the world to be made safe for democracy. With France bled horribly, with the man power of Great Britain heavily drafted, with Russia in evolution, it is the bare truth that our cause depends upon the new National Army. What of the men who will officer it? For an army cannot rise above its officers. Are these new officers fitted for their tasks?

During this war the writer has been a correspondent in the field with the armies of the enemy. He endeavored to make the best of his opportunity to learn where Germany was weak and where she was strong. He had impressed upon him the efficiency and "iron discipline" of the Kaiser's legions, and in considering our new officer corps he bears that in mind. He is measuring the men who in August were commissioned in the reserve officers' training camps, with the efficiency of the ruthless Teutonic war machine, and the comparison does not discourage him—the contrary.

On May 14 of this year some forty odd thousand picked men were sent to improvised officers' schools located throughout our country. These camps were in charge of picked men of our small but amazingly efficient regular army. To these camps were detailed picked officers as instructors. They were men who were specialists in their branches of the service—

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men who had instructed at West Point, whose names mean something in military circles, shrewd judges, too, of men, good psychologists.

At their disposal were all the lessons of the European War —data gathered from all the battle fronts by that body which never sleeps, the War College of our General Staff. What the French and English had learned by bitter experience their commissions gave gladly to our military men in Washington. What the Germans and Austrians had likewise learned to their cost also was in the archives of our War College. Our military men detailed to the Central Powers before we entered the war had been on the job. So we have the unique situation of our country having a war forced upon it, but at its disposal all the up-to-the-minute truths of war learned by frightful loss of life on Europe's battlefields, and this knowledge has been imported to the men who are now officering the National Army.

That insignia, U. S. R., on the collars of men in khaki stands for something. It means United States Reserve and that the wearer is an officer of the National Army. But it means something more than that. It means that he is an efficient officer. It means that he has a commission because he has proved himself worthy of it. If there is an idea still lingering that to get a commission all a man had to do was to enroll in one of those camps in May and then use a little political pull—let it go by the boards. The writer knows better. He has just come out of one of those training camps. He saw week after week, month after month, men dropped for inefficiency. He saw his own battery start with 174 men, and at the end only 54 of them had won U. S. R. artillery commissions. He knows of a man who boasted of political pull and who was dropped for failing, and who tried "pull" to get reinstated and what the "pull" got him—*nothing*. He knows that on the bulletin boards of all these camps were posted copies of a telegram from Washington. It gave notice that anyone attempting to use "pull" would come to grief, and those who did try found the promise kept. So let us clear away an idea—if it exists—that these new officers of the

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National Army hold commissions for any reasons save those of efficiency.

As to that efficiency—first, physically: The fat man, the underweight man, they are not desired. Under the terrific stress of war they become charges. They burden the hospital department. Often unable to be on hand when needed, they necessitate a shifting around of officers, causing a shortage of efficient officers. They breed lack of discipline. So, not content with the first physical examination that all candidates had to pass before being enrolled in the training camps, the army medical authorities, midway through the course, ordered another test. Every candidate was examined a second time. Defects brought out by a month and a half of gruelling physical and mental work were revealed, and no matter how good the man's record, out he went if he could not pass the physical test.

I have in mind an American, honorably discharged as a Captain from the Canadian army, a veteran of west front campaigning. The medical test showed him not up to the mark and he was at once dropped. A week later he visited camp in his Canadian uniform. He had been recommissioned in Toronto, but Uncle Sam did not want him. Not that personally and as far as his ability went he was not desirable in every way, but physically he was off. I record that to show how strict our War Department has made the qualifications for these new officers. I could tell of other men, fine specimens save for some one defect, men who pleaded with the medical officers to pass them. But the rule was immutable.

Consider now the character test to which these new officers were put: Most of them were accustomed to easy lives—men out of business life, their only exercise the golf club of the week end; also there were the younger men from the easy life of college, with habits of luxury, many of them. For three months they were compelled to arise at 5:40 in the morning, work steadily, physically and mentally, with but a brief hour out at meal time, until 9:30 at night. They were allowed Saturday afternoons and Sundays to themselves—if they were foolish enough to take it. For to accomplish the

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work a man had to spend *all* his off time studying. Do you feel you could stick to that routine day after day for three months without "going stale," without coming to detest it? Those who could stick are the men who are officers of the National Army today.

Also, when the camps opened orders were posted prohibiting drinking and gambling. I know of commissions that were lost because men did not place the desire to obey those orders above the desire to please themselves. Little things, so-called, weeded out others. A man offered an office clerk $5.00 if he would learn whether the Captain had recommended him for a commission. He was discharged from camp two days later. A man went on one of those week-end trips to visit a girl, and he drew a discharge. Not because of the trip, one imagines, but because he was heard to *boast about it*. Another man's conversation developed German sympathy—the gate opened for him. All that shows pretty careful combing, and all the men in the camps were combed before they received their commissions.

As to their fitness to command—for a man could be perfect in points and still not fit to command. Discipline and the habits of life of a civilian—are they compatible? Most of the men who went to the camps were not used to military discipline. They got it. They acquiesced to it. They were willing to be taught how to obey. By being subjected to hard discipline themselves they were made fit to administer it. Picture a man in the thirties, who has made his way in the business world, being told by a lieutenant ten years his junior that he must sew his hat cord and not leave it free to slip around. Imagine the older man, accustomed in a business office to ordering subordinates around, obeying the lieutenant without hesitation. That happened a score of times. If the man could not obey he was not fit to command.

In the field he would be apt to "know more" than his superiors. Then the ability to think quickly, to issue orders, to exact swift obedience, to forget self-consciousness and to instruct men in a way that would hold their attention—

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those points were sought for in the camps and in the men who were commissioned—and they were found. Day after day, a different man would be called from the ranks. The instructor would inform him to act as Captain. Then and there that man had to make good on the "ability to command." He had to keep thinking quickly to give the orders necessary to evolute the company into the formations that the instructor would demand. He had to issue his orders snappily, clearly and loudly. For it is a psychologic truth that just as your delivery is in executing orders, so are the men going to execute them. The issuance of orders in a leisurely tone means that they are going to be executed in a leisurely manner. And the National Army is being made into one of snap and dash.

The man who got out in front of the company and gave orders weakly because the men were his bunk mates failed. I recall one man called out to lead the company. Around quarters he was a most pleasant, witty, and agreeable companion. Because he was such, some of the men in the company thought they could take things easy when he was called out to act as captain. "When we're in the barracks," he bawled at them, as soon as a disposition to loaf was obvious, "you're Jack and I'm Bill. Today I'm captain and you fellows are here to obey my orders, and if you don't obey them as smartly as I think you ought to I'll keep you drilling out here till your tongues hang out." Need I add that, everything else being up to the mark, he got his commmission?

The quality of holding the attention of men while instructing them was a quality much sought after. The United States Reserve officers are now instructing the National Army. From time to time in camp men were called out from the ranks to conduct classes, and the way they did it was carefully noted down by the instructor. It takes a good psychologist to hold the attention of men for an hour on a purely technical subject. But it can be done, by enlivenment, and those men who showed they could do it were rated high. Consider what an asset it is to be able to interest the men of the new National Army—the hundreds of thousands of men entirely

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ignorant of military things—in the essentials of military science with which they have suddenly been brought face to face!

I know this of the artillery: If you interest the men in the horses, in the guns and what the guns are capable of, if you get them to like their horses and their equipment and to take care of them and perfect themselves in their use, you cannot help but have an interested battery. And if you know human nature as well as your branch of the military science you cannot but help attaining military efficiency.

Yes, the reserve officers know their profession. When they were commissioned they had learned enough of it to realize what an awful lot there is to learn. That is a good sign. For the man who knows little of military science invariably believes that he knows it all. A good measure of the reesrve officers is the field artillery, for modern tactics have made it necessary that the artillery officer has quite a good idea of the way infantry and cavalry fight as well as his own arm. You see, the artillery today works in close co-operation with those other arms. The guns must help their infantry and cavalry on the attack and defense. Also, the good artillery officer must have an idea of how the enemy, the Germans, use their troops on defense and attack. So we in the artillery have studied those things.

Let me show you how shrewdly the brains of the United States military establishment worked that out. The camp course was three months. During the first month we in the artillery never saw a field gun. We were infantry. Then we dropped it and became artillerymen. But we did not forget the "doughboys." Every so often, while immersed in the guns, we would receive a lecture on infantry and cavalry by particularly proficient officers in those branches. We were given confidential books prepared for the training camps by the War College division of the General Staff. The contents of these books were not assigned as lessons, but it was up to us to digest their contents in our spare hours. Those of us who did made ourselves just that more efficient, and what wonder books those were! One saw in them diagrams of how the German infantry attacked at Verdun. One thought of

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that formation in terms of artillery and figured out how best to decimate it with the fire of our guns. One learned how the English and French attacked. One had at one's disposal the translation of a most remarkable series of articles written for a German military publication by a German artillery major. They were lines brimming with valuable lessons gained at bitter cost to him in the field. And one gloated over the fact that there at least was once where the Kaiser's censorship had slipped in letting such valuable stuff get into print where it could be seen by our alert and able military attachés in Europe and sent back to us.

We were lectured on explosives and their use in the war today by an English inspector of ammunition in America. The point is that we have not wasted any time with fluff. We have not studied military history—which I do not mean to imply is fluff, but which is quite useless to us in our present work. What we needed and what we got was: How are they doing it in Europe? How can we better their methods? How, *how, HOW!*

Practical instruction was the keynote, with just enough of the theory carried along to give us an understanding of *why* we were doing things that way. The theoretical textbooks of the American army kept pace with the reports from Europe's firing line, and our officers have been on the alert to make improvements upon Europe. We discarded the method of bayonet fighting long in use in the United States Army. We adapted the English system which they evolved during the war. But in one of our training camps an infantry captain discovered a serious defect in the English system, so now we have improved on theirs—using what was good in it, rejecting what was bad. That has been the spirit. Utilize every bit of "dope" that comes over from Europe, but improve upon it if that can be done.

Perhaps if I give an idea of what was accomplished in three months in the artillery it will illustrate whether or not your new reserve officers for our Army in France know their business.

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They have had to show a knowledge of:

Infantry, cavalry, military law, army regulations, rules of land warfare.

They are proficient in the theory of:

Condition and the care of horses on the march and in the stables; the way to get the most out of a horse in draft and under saddle.

The uses of all the material in a battery; how to take it apart, clean it and put it together. That means nineteen vehicles (including four guns) on wheels, and incidentally the captain of a battery is responsible for property worth several thousands of dollars.

The science of controlling and directing artillery fire, the tactics of defense and attack and retreat; the very latest in covering the infantry with artillery fire as developed in Europe.

Visual signaling with semaphore and wig wag flags and heliograph.

Telephone communication and buzzer (field telegraph), using the International Morse Code.

Aeroplanes: Their use in connection with artillery and protection against enemy planes.

Ammunition: The different kinds of projectiles fired by three-inch guns, their theoretical working, their practical uses; how ammunition is supplied in the field.

Trenches as they are built today.

Communication as it is established and maintained at the front today.

Correspondingly, the infantry and the cavalry know what is required for them to know. But it did not stop there, this fitting of civilians to become officers. The War Department was not content with getting men of a certain rigid physical standard, of firm character, possessing executive ability, having the knack of instructing in an interesting way and knowing their branch of military science. There was

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something else—something of tremendous importance. It is true that war degrades or ennobles a man. Whether the man in the ranks is lifted up or let slide down, that depends to a large extent upon his officers. It is not the purpose of the United States to call out hundreds of thousands of its young manhood into war, and then, when peace comes, to have a number of diseased and degenerate beings loosened upon the land. To prevent that we have been lectured and lectured upon camp sanitation, the transmission of disease, personal hygiene. But it did not stop there.

To the different training camps was sent a physician who had investigated conditions on the Mexican border for the War Department. He discussed with us the question of venereal diseases—how they affected the fighting efficiency of an army, how one great Power had suffered enormously during this war because of a lack of proper precautions against the insidious germs transmitted by illicit relations, what the effect of that was upon the man, and later, when he married, upon the race. We were told how to keep the practice way down.

As I visualize the spirit of the new Reserve Officers' Corps and place that of our enemy in comparison, I can see why we should be superior. Let us consider the enemy's strength in his officers. They are efficient military tacticians; they are brave. Let us consider their weakness. Psychologically it is the influence of their beloved Nietzsche, the "mad philosopher of Weimar." They regard themselves as supermen. They have not the sympathy for the men under them, in ranks, that is necessary for strength. They have an army that is servile, which *will not stand on its own bottom.* It is frequent that German privates surrender as soon as the officers and "non-coms" have been killed or wounded. I do not believe that the overwhelming confidence, the idea that the Kaiser's war machine is irresistible, is stimulating them the right way. They have not been developed spiritually in a way that makes them the kind of fighters that the American is capable of being. Furthermore the German officers' attitude toward the men, his use of abusive language, his attitude that

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their men are "cannon fodder"—all is unfavorable to the development of a spiritually loyal soldier.

We do not regard the men in the National Army the way most German officers regard the men under them. We think of them as men who are fighting for their country, who are fighting for the survival of liberty. We are conveying to them that without rigid discipline there can be no military efficiency, that when they salute us they are not paying homage to us personally but to their country, as represented by the uniform our officers wear. We do not use abusive language to them and we try in every way to gain their confidence and to make them realize that they are getting a square deal. We want them to love us—not personally—but what we stand for, the idea of our country in peril. We believe in them. We believe that the way they are being trained spiritually as well as in military science will make them better soldiers than the Germans. I believe that in the heart of each of these men in our National Army is that which caused his forefathers to come to America—the pulsation of liberty. So will they fight for the preservation of that liberty. Any false idea that this is not America's fight is speedily going by the boards, and because the men in the National Army are Americans, have had a chance to give play to their individualities, they are going to fight more stubbornly, to the last ditch, even with their officers killed off.

The lives of men in your hands, one grave mistake on your part, one blundering order at a crucial moment and your men are wiped out! To realize that is to feel a deep responsibility. Our new reserve officers feel it. They are not taking things lightly. They know that the foundations, gained in the May to August camps, were sound, the best that America could give them.

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"MY TYPES"—IRVIN S. COBB

(The First of a Series of Interviews with America's Leading Authors)

By Pendennis

LOOKING like Cyrano de Bergerac, in white flannels; hovering like a lazy bumble-bee over the honey-pots of literature, on a dreamy morning in August, Cobb prolonged his reputation for being the best newspaper man in the country.

Cyrano de Bergerac, as you remember, was a poet with a gift for wit in seeing life and a gallantry for believing well of his fellow-men. He should have been a Southerner. There was in him that slumbering soul of the rebel, slow to be roused, outwardly calm as the smooth face of the Mississippi, but deep and wide and threatening.

Irvin S. Cobb was born in Paducah, Ky., and although Illinois was just across the river, that did not inspire Paducah. When Cobb was a small boy, Judge "Billie" Bishop was the legal oracle of that community. In hundreds of southern towns there were judges to whom the people went for wisdom and good liquor. "Billie" Bishop was typical of most of them. A tall, portly, slow-moving human being, who always carried a huge cotton umbrella, wore a well educated goatee, and white duck suits in summer. Bald-headed, florid, poor, with the independence and the courage of a lion, he appeared sometimes childish, sometimes masterful, always kind.

He died fifteen years ago, in Paducah, before he became really distinguished in the world as the much loved Judge Priest, as Cobb re-christened him, calling him Priest because, as his name was Bishop, it seemed appropriate. He was a real man whose individuality sank deep into the heart and mind of little eight-year-old Cobb. At eight one does not expect one to be studying types for fiction. Obviously it behooves us to be cautious in the presence of our children; they may be spying into our hearts deeper than we can suspect.

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Judge Priest comes to mind as the most definitely clear type of character that Cobb has given us. He abounds in the grandeur of simplicity, in the romance of Kentucky sentiment. In the years that have intervened since that young reporter first saw a story in him, the Judge has lain in all the glory of his remembrance, undisturbed in the heart of the writer who found him. So he has become an unconscious contribution to literature, where he belongs so perfectly.

To-day, in a diminutive Swiss chalet, gracefully set down on the edge of a miniature pond, Cobb communes with his typewriter. Faithful friend of intellectual stress and struggle, it has collaborated valiantly. It has come into its own. It rests now in that sylvan surrounding which many typewriters hope for, but rarely attain. It is safe among the hills that guard the Hudson, on its own estate of sixty acres. It has no doubt written the name for its retreat, since it is called Rebel Ridge, wherever in active duty of reconstruction its sphynx-like keyboard silently obeys the master's touch. It now has emerged from the atmosphere of haste and the noise of a newspaper where it worked so much more for so much less. Where it once upon a time turned out a thousand words for a paltry sum, now it hammers out words that are worth their weight in gold. Hence the lordly retreat, the surrounding peace, the music of the rustling leaves and the song of the birds to soften the click-clack of its own voice.

Cobb is a huge man. He towers upward and spreads out like a mature oak tree. He has been shedding acorns forty years, perhaps less than that. He began reeling off words in Paducah as a cub reporter. Then he came to New York and got a little more for them than in Paducah. Finally he became a " star " reporter and accumulated so much star dust that he turned into a comet, and the editors can't stay his soaring prices. His esteem for the reporter is his literary creed. He includes such creditable reporters as Balzac, Thackeray, Dickens, Wells, DeFoe, in that system. To be sure Arnold Bennett, Robert Hichens, and Henry James were not to be forgotten among the distinguished staff of

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literary posterity, but they were the editorial writers, not quite in tune with the words and music of those fellows who knew how to see a good story in the daily events about them. There was nothing said about genius, and that favorite word, technique, so gracefully used by the literary idler, was contemptuously ignored.

It is just as easy for him to write a story of twenty thousand words as it is for your stenographer to write a letter which you thought you dictated. It is not the length of a novel that has prevented him from writing it; it is the stretching of types. And then, like most thoroughbred characters, he has a weakness that upsets the classic mood, he bristles at the sound of a fire alarm. He might be in the third stanza of an ode to the Confederacy, but if a fire alarm sounded he would rush out into the thick of the smoke. If there were no smoke, no fire, he would feel that he had done his duty as a reporter, that he had "covered it." I gather this from the source of all fact about a family man, his wife. He did not deny it; he did not condone it; he confirmed it in his analysis of types, his types.

It is barely six years since Cobb wrote his first short-story. It was written after he had reported the trial of a celebrated financier, and had seen him sentenced to the penitentiary at Atlanta. He recalled its nativity, briefly:

"Nothing could stop that man's mental poise, his grip of men. He was unscrupulous, cold, self-controlled, gigantic in management of men to do his own purpose. He could have revolutionized the finest jail system in the world. He did not stay in Atlanta long. I began wondering what could beat him. That was the theme of my first story. I made him escape from the detective on the train and get away in the woods. The train from which he escapes is wrecked. He finds a newspaper in which he reads that his body has been identified. He has only to communicate with his lawyer, hide for a while, and freedom is his, except for the handcuffs. At last they beat him. He wanders into a village and gives himself up. The handcuffs have beaten him."

Here was a type from which the source of many stories

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might flow; the one Cobb wrote about it was only a single phase of the character. His stories are usually studies of types, not editorial arguments about them, but incidents that reveal them. He explains it this way:

"There are two kinds of short-story writers—those who editorialize, who lead you into the mental state of the characters under pressure, and those who tell you the happenings to them in dramatic form. I think the reader likes to do his own thinking; therefore I favor the latter, the descriptive story of character in action.

"To see well, that is the chief thing, I think. Putting it down on paper can be acquired, but the vision is inherent. Not the editorial vision that argues with you, but the reporter's vision that tells you so that you can see as well as he.

"The literary photograph, which after all is the good reporter's impressions, is the best kind of a story," he added by way of explaining how he wrote his own. "Thackeray had style, but he was a finely tempered reporter, a high-class newspaper man, with taste and discretion, a keen student of human nature. I pride myself upon being a good newspaper man, above all things. If I once focus on a man, I can remember every button on or off his coat, its size, its color. The man's accent, his voice, his words, his quality, his presence are all ineffaceable. In short I have his type. A sketch of him, however, is not sufficient; that alone does not conform to the needs of a story. I must know him years before, measure him with the yardstick of time, to place him in the proper atmosphere of dramatic value, or shall we say fiction value. There is always the mysterious moulding process in the mind from which a type in fiction springs into being in after life. He blooms from the seed planted unconsciously in the past, the never-to-be-forgotten past. I suppose our boyhood belongs to that period. The first theatrical form of dramatic appeal I remember, was at St. Claire Hall, the Opr'y House of Paducah. There I thrilled to the terrors of 'The Black Flag,' 'The Old Homestead,' and other successes of that day. There was a curtain in the hall which represented a scene in Venice. I did not know it was Venice at the time,

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but I didn't care so much about where it was. There were some Venetian ladies and gentlemen very lightly clad coming down marble steps to get into a gondola or two. I recall that I was astonished at the light sort of clothing they were wearing, because in Paducah we sometimes had floods, and the river front was no place to go unless you were dressed for it. Years later I returned to my home town and drew a sketch of that curtain, which was accounted as being correct, even to the marble steps. This convinces one that the memory of a newspaper man is the best asset for a fiction writer. But the trouble is that most young writers never seem to consider their own actual experiences in life as sufficiently important to talk about. They will take sail in fancy to South Africa or to Hong Kong for local color, where they have never been. The reader is the first to resent this, because he will feel that the story is not written by a reporter who has been there. You can't read Balzac and fail to know that he is talking about something he has seen or absorbed from the vivid warmth of the human heart. He was a fine reporter, and his color is true to the spirit and passions of men and women. DeFoe was a good reporter, too, because he told of a new type, Robinson Crusoe, and he missed no incident of human interest in his story of him. If DeFoe had covered the Thaw trial he would have been writing about it yet. Stevenson was a fair reporter, although he had a literary taste that superimposed his narrative. He stopped to draw fine conclusions in the mood of the essayist. Stevenson would probably have written a good fire story that would have been rejected by a city editor, but would have been a masterpiece, none the less. Hichens writes too long to get the point, beautifully as he always does get to it. Of course, we all know what a complex reporter Henry James would have made, and what a difficult task the editors would have had with a story by Arnold Bennett—brilliant writers but lacking the brevity of the newspaper man's training.

"I often receive requests from young writers to define the skill of technique. The word is in the dictionary, and that's all I know about it. The style of a man's work is chiefly

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a matter of good taste, I should think. His sentiment is a governing factor, but his judgment of what to say and what not to say is materially guided by his experience in writing for newspapers. The best technique I know of is to be had in that kind of work. To begin with, it simplifies a man's style, teaches him the difference between a fact and a dream, which is quite important when you begin to tell a story.

"The personal element which enters into every good bit of literature I have ever read is found as constantly in the newspaper story as it is in fiction. How many readers do you suppose after reading a particularly well-written story in a newspaper think of the writer? A very large majority, I believe."

While all this may sound incompatible with our preconceived ideas of literary quality, Cobb has demonstrated only his own methods, his own way of writing a story, and he has gained a very large audience. His devotion to the newspaper as the foundation of literary success is a distinctly new note in literary expectation. There is much more to the making of a good short-story writer than merely the experience of reporting, which he claims as his chief instruction. There is the selection of types, and the assurance with which he places them in the lights and shadows of their own world. And there is the gift of humor that always underlies the life-like quality of Cobb's characters. Of this he said:

"Humor for the sake of the laugh, like the cartoon born for the test of the popular mood, has no lasting value. We will speak of Mark Twain as our greatest humorist, but we have received some of the greatest human messages in philosophy from him, some of the gems of literary thought. It was his deep and definite judgment of character that has given him posterity. Other men of lesser fame have written, perhaps, better humor, but it had no substance, no fine valor of feeling, no uplifting purpose. There must always be a serious, deep sincerity behind the best literature that distinguishes it from mere literary craftsmanship. There are a great many stories written to-day for a certain class of readers. Not that I think there should be such readers, because

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they too enjoy other stories when they are universally true, but they seem to require a certain sort of story, which is written particularly for them. The action is forced, the characters are dragged from the stock room of older romances when the world was groping in oil-lighted streets at night, and when every man carried a sword. The situations are improbable, the movement is jerky and forced.

"Such types are familiar, shopworn. The adventuress with a wicked French accent will have to go. The innocuous heroine who improved so rapidly on buttermilk and love will also have to fade into the oblivion from whence she came. But all these dummies of fiction still have their following, and they still appear in new clothes, up to their old tricks. These are no literary figures because they are old pretenders frankly dragged from the middle ages or the cavalier days, and sent to a department store for a ready-made outfit of language, style, and clothes. After all, it is what is unseen of the writer's nature that gives a story its value. We should find our types in our hearts, not in melancholy mood but smilingly, happily and faithfully.

"One's faith in human nature is an important factor in writing. Dickens had an endless source of kindliness. His humor was exactly the form that is found among the poor, who have that splendid bravery of turning their misfortunes into harmless fun. Dickens gave us practical Christianity. Thackeray looked at his types with the blinking shrewdness of sly humor. I do not think that his satire was ever biting; it was too faithful to the balance of life for that. And, too, his characters were drawn with sympathy.

"It is noticeable that one never could imitate literary masters. Their style, their feeling, their quality belonged to them exclusively. Every great writer has made his mark by writing not what he thought about life, but what he saw. His eyes were in his heart; his pen stirred as he felt. Above all things the literary masters bestowed upon us the blessing of seeing life hopefully. Even if, as in Edgar Allan Poe's case, we were thrilled by some horror, we still retained the

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flavor of superb poetry, of splendid imagination to which we all are heirs.

"There is a limit to the scope of imagination that most trained writers discover in time. When we enter the secret chamber of our imaginations we are on hallowed ground. We should never enter alone; we should lead our type into it with us. Since we chose him or her from the selected ones of our memory, we clothe that type appropriately in the imaginative faculty of fanciful incident. The incidents, however, must be life-like, not a riot of action, but a sequence of natural events. We should, I think, be very intimate with our types, and very friendly. Even if we are compelled to betray the weaknesses of our types, we need not do so viciously. Ill feeling has no place in literary effort, any more than it should have a place in daily life.

"There is no kind of work known, so hard, so exacting, requiring such gifts of artistic and accurate knowledge. Besides, successful writers are not born; they occur. There is probably a large undiscovered census of men and women who ought to be writers instead of what they are. Writing has always been regarded as a haphazard sort of business, preferably adopted by unknown genius. I have known of cases where young people have been forbidden to write under threat of being cut off in the parental will. No work exposes one to such suspicion as writing. Men have been shot for it, and many have not. Women have neglected their knitting to become magazine contributors, and the editors have helped them. It is often a business beset with disgrace and misunderstanding. Still, in spite of these drawbacks it is an occupation that is even coveted. Those who covet it most, however, need claim no special birthright for it. Painful as it may seem to those who cling to the long-haired tradition that it requires genius to write, I am convinced there are more short-haired men in pursuit of fireside comfort, who write well, than is suspected.

"The shapeliness of an author has nothing to do with the shape of his work. He has to learn it, after he has discovered that he can write. The best moment of discovery is when a friend, an unselfish friend, asks him why he hasn't

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written that story about his own experience in a Harlem flat, or in a lawyer's office, or when he worked in a factory, instead of stories of wild adventures in a wilder world than ours.

"A very successful writer had that experience. He began to write to increase his income, which was small, thanks to the liberality of a lawyer, whose sense of justice was always on the side of his own case. He wrote stories about dreadful things that were supposed to happen, that never happened, and sold them for modest sums. One day a friend suggested to him that he write about the people who came into the office during the day. He did, and so well that he became author of those internationally famous tales about 'Potash and Perlmutter.' Of course you may insist that a man who does that must have genius. I insist that he had industry and a photographic mind.

"It is a peculiar fact among newspaper men that when they develop into the magazine story field they lose all interest in names. I remember when I was commissioned to go to the war zones in Europe, I discovered this. Just what use a war correspondent could be who was totally incompetent to advise the Admirals and Generals what to do in a strategic difficulty of the war, I did not know. Having no military knowledge, no army training, no chance of occupying a safe hill from which to see the armies at work, I had little hope of success at the front in the capacity of a war correspondent.

"I pinned my faith for usefulness, however, upon one thing I knew I could do, to see well and find types that crystallize great facts in great moments. Their names did not matter. When we were being conveyed through Germany as prisoners, I said to one of our party: 'You remember the names of the stations through which we pass, and when you name them to me I will remember all the types, the incidents, the dramas we saw in that region.' Taking notes was forbidden, but the habit of memory, which is the key to good newspaper work, stood by me. Long after that journey ended, the mention of the name of a station brought back the memory of the spy we saw shot, or the despair of the woman who had her geese taken away from her by the soldiers, or many other facts."

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That is how Cobb gets the types we all know.

The artist's vision, as Irvin Cobb has found it, is not the traditional dream of emotions, but an accurate, interesting, human story about men and women he has seen and known. His types are Americans, faithfully and sympathetically drawn. He has literally grafted the souls of men to the Americanism of his own feeling and good taste. His newspaper work was good because he met the world as he found it, not as he wished it could be. His types in fiction are among real people he has met. They are chiefly New Yorkers because he has lived in New York for twelve years, and known them best. It would seem, however, as though the reminiscent memories of his boyhood in Paducah had mellowed into literary fruition of greater depth and finer instinct than his types of more recent influence, and this in spite of the fact that he knows Washington in all its intricate subtleties and official life, and New York is the most vital experience of his life.

THE WHOLE WORLD TURNS SO SUDDEN DARK

GUSTAV DAVIDSON

THE whole world turns so sudden dark
When your faith in me fails!
The vision of some glorious goal
Slips silently from out my soul
Beyond recall and past control—
The whole world turns so sudden dark
When your faith in me fails!

The whole world turns so sudden dark
When your light's ta'en away!
I cannot see the distant star;
All things grow dim, and near and far
Dream vanish, hopes extinguished are—
The whole world turns so sudden dark
When your light's ta'en away!

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HARVESTING THE WEST'S GREAT WAR CROPS

HAMILTON M. WRIGHT

THE situation created by the Declaration of War was not wholly a new one insofar as it related to the farms and ranches of the West. Rising prices of food stuffs and heavy shipments of horses and mules had stimulated ranchers and farmers everywhere. An increased acreage in crops upon the farms and ranches was assured, and the war called insistent attention to the demands for farm labor, demands that are hard enough to meet even in peace times.

But the war put a number of great issues squarely up to the farmers of the United States. Those issues, they were told, must be squarely met, if each one were to do his part in the crisis confronting our nation, so that America may feed herself and sell enough to her Allies to prevent hunger and want in Europe. Greater production, the elimination of waste, so far as possible, and the paring of expense and labor to a minimum was demanded. The farmers of the country have themselves answered the questions put to them in the way that voters sometimes answer questions at the polls, by sweeping majorities. They have risen magnificently to the great patriotic demands of the year. They have established the fact that the agricultural resources of the United States have been scarcely tapped. They have proved that we have vast agricultural reserves which we are able to call forward in substitute crops for scientific uses.

An unusually backward spring, with heavy frosts, prolonged droughts, and a belated early summer prevailed throughout the Western states. The season was especially severe in Arizona, New Mexico, Wyoming, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, and in the Northwest, Oregon, Washington, and Idaho. The winter wheat crop suffered a severe blow, but it was evident in June and July of this year that our farming population had taken full stock of its responsibilities,

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and that, although the season was backward and the crops below the normal, at that time, that the war crop promised to exceed all former years. On July first the forecast for wheat for the whole United States was 678,000,000 bushels; the production last year (December estimate) was 639,886,000 bushels. The July forecast for barley was 214,000,000 bushels; the production last year (December estimate) was 190,927,000 bushels.

Moreover, the irrigated crops of the West, under the war time stimulus, had promised to break all former records, that of Arizona alone, for this year, being estimated at $35,000,000. Cheaper feeds for stock animals were generally raised —a lesson taught by the high-priced feeds of today—and ranchers paid more attention than before to raising produce for their own consumption. The question of farm labor has not, thus far, proved so difficult as anticipated. Demands for wages the farmers were unwilling to pay were not general enough to affect the favorable totals and although agitators, in some cases, set fire to crops and haystacks and instituted strikes in canning factories on the coast, the results of their efforts were chiefly to create apprehension that they might produce dissatisfaction among peaceful workers and to secure undesirable publicity and punishment for themselves.

It is apparent that the war has already stimulated marvelous economies in the handling of crops. Perhaps the most interesting change that has taken place in the Pacific Northwest, for example, is the change in many sections from the old style, cumbersome, expensive, and wasteful method of such handling of grain to the modern and more efficient method of bulk handling. With a normal crop in the three Northwestern states, Oregon, Washington and Idaho, of the sixty-five million bushels of wheat one can readily see the enormous sum that is thrown away each year on sacks which cost the farmers about seven or eight cents in years where they are cheap, but in recent years usually eleven to fifteen or more cents. Not only does the farmer pay money for the sacks, using more expensive methods of handling the grain when sacked, but he sells the sack with the wheat and is

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discounted for its weight usually one-fourth of a pound more than the sack really weighs. In many cases he gets nothing for it.

The movement toward the building of bulk elevators is gaining ground rapidly, and, to my mind, is one of the most interesting things in connection with this year's harvest. The port of Astoria, Oregon, is building a million huge traction engines, or the "Caterpillar," which lays its own track. There is coming into wide vogue the smaller tractor. As the big tractors do the work of the thirty-six horse team, so the smaller machines perform the work of the single horse or team, or of the two, four, or six horse team. One California concern is shipping these smaller tractors out by the trainload, manufacturing and assembling standardized parts with the speed which easily made the original Ford automobile plant famous. In addition, motor driven machines of many other types are offered for agricultural use or for preparing the soil for agriculture, so that even the market gardener with a comparatively small farm can utilize gasoline power in practically all bushel bulk handling elevators. The port of Portland, Oregon, has places under way for a plant of similar size. Some of the mills, too, in this section, have bulk handling facilities and enable a considerable proportion of the crop to be handled in bulk.

Also since a steady movement still continues to the Eastern seaboard by rail, a very large amount of the grain grown in Pacific Northwest will eventually get into bulk.

No other branch of industry has developed more rapidly in its handling in the past five years than agriculture. It is safe to say that at the present time new methods are being evolved more rapidly than at any prior stage. While the big combined harvesters drawn by thirty-four to thirty-six horses or mules are still common throughout the West, the steam and gasoline tractors have rapidly gained in usage and are employed in all ways that horses or mules can be used. Moreover smaller tractors than those at first put out are coming into wide vogue. The great caterpillar engines first put upon the market by Halb Brothers of Stockton, Calif., were as

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useful in hauling trains of borax teams through the dust of Death Valley as they were in the San Joaquin Valley, Calif., or upon the plains of Nebraska. But these predecessors of the European army "tank" are useful only in large ranching or farming operations or when they are co-operatively used by a number of smaller farmers to supplement the phases of their operations. At a single stroke, therefore, the way has been opened to do away with a tremendous volume of man power and to utilize it in other more profitable agricultural employment. The motor driven machine has exerted an appreciable effect in stimulating production and in rendering farm labor more attractive and has, to some extent, modified the labor demand which, however, will continue to increase with the increasing population and its need for food.

No widespread loss to agriculture has, thus far, been reported through a shortage of farm help. Undoubtedly some loss has occurred but it is always to be counted upon. Sometimes when there is an abundance of available labor in the country, there is the difficulty in mobilizing it, and the shortage this year is less than in normal years. In some sections there was a labor shortage due to demands for extremely high wages which the farmers, as a rule, refused to pay. They express the hope that this condition, before another season, will be corrected by government action. As a rule, however, and it is worth the emphasis, there has been no special trouble in getting harvest help. The only special effort that has been made has been to organize the labor so as to quickly provide help where it is needed. This has been done through central labor bureaus with branches in various parts of the states, through farm corps of students of universities and agricultural colleges, by the railroads, the Department of Agriculture, and by various public organizations. Young men and women, too, of the University of Arizona College of Agriculture, as an example of student helpfulness, were excused from their studies last May for the purpose of going out and engaging actively in crop production. Letters from these young men and women all over Arizona and Southern California indicate they are productively busy in growing

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crops of their own or are in employment for others. In California, the California association of practical farmers is interested in securing Mexican labor to be used in the beet sugar fields of Southern California. In addition to the farm help secured through the agencies mentioned and from volunteers in all parts of the country, it is clearly evident that the farming districts themselves have secured an immense volume of labor from those of their own people who do not ordinarily engage in farming. Country school teachers, storekeepers, ministers, lawyers, and even physicians have freely volunteered to help out with the great work. All of which indicates that there are reserves of farm labor which we have not realized or appreciated, that the farming industry is getting its strong second wind, and that with the longer period of preparation far greater crops may be expected next year.

To-day the demand for farm labor means not alone that more work must be done on the ranch with fewer men for a given task, that there must be larger production and of better quality, but that more men must engage in agriculture throughout the country. That this will be achieved is evidenced by the enthusiasm shown for farming. On July first the total average in cultivated crops was three per cent. more than last year. Undoubtedly this cannot take into consideration the tremendous aggregate of garden plots planted during the year. You will see them in uncountable numbers not alone throughout the Eastern, Middle and Southern States in the suburbs of great cities and in towns, villages and farms, but they have come to stay for the period of the war and perhaps longer on the big stock farms and grain ranches of the West where corned beef, condensed milk, canned fruits and vegetables, bacon, hard tack, with an occasional killing of fresh meat have for years formed the staple foods of the ranch hands.

A survey of crop conditions shows that while the season was harmful to the winter grains, it was not uniformly destructive. In all cases possible the farmers substituted with other crops. In Arizona winter wheat crops of barley and wheat were not in all respects up to normal, owing to the un-

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favorable climatic conditions throughout the winter season. Certain fruits, also, such as peaches and apricots were below normal owing to the late frosts. In other respects, however, Arizona crops bid fair to excel all records, aggregating more than $35,000,000.

Alfalfa is making a good showing both of hay and seed and will probably total $5,000,000 throughout the state. Egyptian long staple cotton probably aggregates about 40,000 acres in Arizona and the crop will be worth not less than $4,000,000. It is most interesting in this connection to hear that this cotton makes the strongest and most serviceable fabric known for the construction of aeroplane wings. Arizona's cotton crops may, therefore, prove a deciding factor in the great war.

Dairying will yield an income of not far from $9,000,000. The high prices of hay and other feeds have resulted in weeding out inferior animals and in the improvement of dairying stock generally.

The output from irrigated farms of hogs, fat cattle, poultry products, canteloupes, melons and deciduous fruits shows a great improvement over previous years. Dry farming, also, shows a material increase in acreage, this having been made possible through abundant rains in April and May, a very unusual occurrence in that region. Taking advantage of the resulting moist condition of the soil, considerable additional areas of oats and potatoes were planted in the northern part of the state. Many silos are being constructed with a view to the production of forage supplies for dairying and fattening purposes and also to save large numbers of range cattle that would otherwise perish from shortage of range feed next spring.

The northern part of New Mexico and the irrigated portions will produce very much larger crops than usual. The eastern part of the state has suffered very materially from the long drought. Generally speaking the spring was late and the rains unusually long delayed. The enthusiasm for farming is very great and under ordinary conditions New Mexico would have had an excellent crop. In the irrigated sections

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follow-up crops were early planted and the state may yet pull out with a fine total.

Winter wheat was hard hit in Nebraska. In that state the normal acreage is 3,000,000 acres while the severe winter killed at least 80 per cent. of this the past year so that the harvest is away below normal. In the latter part of July the harvest was well on and in the southern part of the state the farmers were already threshing. In the eastern part of the state small grain was very good; in the western part of the state it runs from rather below normal on the average, although some counties have excellent crops. The seasonal weather conditions were by no means uniform throughout the west.

Winter wheat was for the most part killed out in North Dakota although it is usually a fairly safe crop in the eastern part of the state. Winter rye is the only crop that is very promising in the western part. In that section the alfalfa and sweet clover hay crops have been harvested once and there is still a fair prospect of the corn crop. The eastern third of North Dakota is harvesting an abundant crop of barley, early oats, Durum and Marquis spring wheat. In the western part sixty day oats and some of the earliest sown barley are very good. This is due to the fact that the rain was abundant in April and May, but it was short in June and July in the western section so that the late seeded crops will not amount to much in that region.

The crop outlook in North Dakota is not of the best. The grain crops in the western two-thirds of the state are practically a failure and will scarcely produce sufficient wheat for the state's own wheat and flour. The eastern one-third of the state has a fair crop and it will probably average ten or eleven bushels per acre. The rye harvest began the latter part of July and it promises well.

In Wyoming crops were generally backward all over the state this year the season being anywhere from two to four weeks late. Alfalfa and grain crops were doing fairly well in the latter part of July but garden and truck crops as well as root crops did not do so well on account of the exceedingly

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cool, wet weather. Throughout May it was impossible to plant the seed. During the latter part of June and in July, when planting could be done, the soil seemed to be in fair shape but a very prolonged period of drought came on and lasted all through the month of June and early part of July, and the seed germinated very slowly. On the 11th day of June a very severe frost came on throughout the eastern section of the state which killed all of the June planting. The ground was so dry for the new seeding that the second sowing did not come up. If the frosts hold off in the fall till the usual time, Wyoming will probably have its usual crops of grain and alfalfa.

In California, with the exception of citrus fruits (oranges, lemons, limes, and grape fruit), indications are good for one of the largest crops in the history of the state. No serious labor difficulties have yet been experienced owing to the fact that all who are interested have worked for the closer organization of labor forces. The secretary of the Protective (citrus fruit) League in Los Angeles reports that the citrus fruit of Southern California has been damaged to the extent of 75 per cent. of the total crop. In many instances there will not be more than 10 per cent. of the normal harvest. This condition is not so severe in Central California around Porterville although the heat has damaged the crop to a considerable extent. The citrus fruit crop in Northern California is almost normal. But sugar in California on July first showed a condition 90 per cent. normal as compared with a ten year average of 92 per cent. The fresh canning fruits, apricots, peaches, pears and prunes show a gain of from 10 to 30 per cent. over former years. In the latter part of July, Northern California was visited by an intense heat wave of several days. Although it stimulated forest fires in the coast counties north of San Francisco and the heat slightly burned the grain in the interior valleys, it had the effect of hastening the ripening of the fruit. Harvesting was in full progress during the latter part of the month and the many huge fruit canneries which have greatly increased in capacity since the war were working full blast. Shortly after the heat wave

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when the harvesting and canning was being crowded so that the fruit would not spoil, members of the I. W. W., some of whom had come up from the mining districts of the Southwest, began strikes and hostile demonstrations at the canning factories at San José. The militia was called out and the agitation quickly subsided. The wheat outlook in the Sacramento valley is for a bumper crop and the acreage is the largest since the days of the wheat barons in the earlier history of the state. The barley harvest in July was in full blast and taken as a whole is the best the valley has had in many years. The demand for cereals resulted in no less than 30,000 additional acres being put into rice, resulting in a total of 110,000 acres in this crop. As a whole the crops of California are from 10 per cent. to 15 per cent. above normal. Of all its products none will be of more value to the soldiers at the front than the canned fruits. The fruit harvest this year was organized in an exceptionally fine manner. As is usual thousands of families camped out in tents in the orchards to be harvested or near-by, and men and women and children from ten to twelve years up engaged in the pickings; a boy or girl of twelve years can easily pick from fifteen to twenty fifty-pound boxes of apricots a day, averaging 10 cents a box for their work. An experienced adult will pick from thirty to fifty boxes a day. All the work is done piecemeal. Owing to the wave of patriotism which swept the country less need was felt for Oriental labor, Chinese or Japanese, in the orchards than ever before. In fact there is rapidly developing in the Pacific Coast canneries a new supply of labor, for thousands of families of European immigrants have come from the factories of New England and the Atlantic seaboard.

A rather prolonged period of dry weather has caused a shrinkage in the grain crop in the Pacific Northwest, Oregon, Washington and Idaho. But the grain harvest has been well organized. Beans, too, have been planted very extensively and enormous acreage has resulted. A number of companies dealing in bean harvesters have expressed their inability to meet the situation. The State Agricultural College at Corvallis is working on a home-made bean harvester to meet the

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needs of the big war crop of beans which Oregon must harvest this fall.

As a whole despite unfavorable weather which extended north and south through the great grain districts of the West, this year's crops promise to surpass all records. The yield of beans is double that of former years, and in sorghum the crop is almost double. The acreage in sugar beets is the largest in the history of the country. An enormous production of potatoes is assured and in the irrigated sections of the West double and triple sized crops have been planted. In Idaho, Arizona, California, Utah, and other states a first harvest of grain has been succeeded by a planting of potatoes so that the land is doing double duty.

On June 1st the composite condition of all crops in the United States was 5.8 per cent. below their ten-year average condition on that date. But crop prospects improved and on July 1 were but 2.1 per cent. below the average of July 1st of the ten preceding years. The handicap of an unseasonable year is rapidly being overcome and all indications point to bumper yields when the total for the war year 1917 is finally added up. Fruits, vegetables, and forage are already far above the average, but the growing season is by no means concluded and the probability is that their totals will further increase.

The great war is rapidly developing our agricultural resources and creating new reserves in agricultural supplies. The housewife who has been frightened by the prospect of mounting prices should by no means be downcast. The probabilities are that agricultural produce of all kinds will be much cheaper next year than it is now.

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OUR CRYING NEED FOR NAVAL AERONAUTICS

By a High Authority

LORD NORTHCLIFFE has been reported to have said that the war will not end in the trenches. Admiral Fiske has stoutly backed Admiral Peary's cry for aeroplanes, and yet more aeroplanes. There are great plans underway for air land raids, great plans that will put the German defenses and munition factories in the line of fire. But *what America needs, and needs now, is a weapon to defeat the submarine.* England has clenched her teeth into those that have dared her ports, but at sea, the ruthless U-boats remain unconquered. How to clear them from our lanes is the problem. The answer, in my estimation, is found in naval aeronautics.

What are we doing about it? One reads that Congress has appropriated $640,000,000 for Army Aircraft, and every dollar of it is needed. The value of military aeroplanes in observing artillery fire, scouting out large enemy movements, and, when used in large numbers, to bomb ordnance factories and depots, to say nothing of fighting off the enemy scout planes that sweep above your own lines—that value is unquestioned. That $640,000,000 will sooner or later give us supremacy in the air—on land. But what about the sea?

At the same time that this enormous sum was voted for the Army, an appropriation was given the Navy. That was only $40,000,000. The number of aviation bases that sum of money will build, the number of flyers it will train, the number of machines it will put at their disposal, is not sufficient to rid the seas of the submarine. We must not have forty, but many, many times that million of dollars.

The defeat of Germany is directly dependent upon annihilating her submarine warfare. The success or failure of American aeronautics will win or lose the war for us. Upon our Naval Aeronautics depends the purging of the seas of submarines. Before a submarine can be destroyed

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it must be located. If the submarine sees a ship before the ship sees it, the ship is going down, provided the torpedo is launched properly. On the other hand, if an armed ship knows the location of the submarine, the submarine will have to disappear or be destroyed. The success of Germany's sea-snakes depends upon the element or surprise. They destroy by stealth. When they are on the surface they can see a ship or its smoke fifteen and twenty miles away. Entirely invisible to the steamer the submarine maneuvers for the attack. It stalks its prey like a hunter behind bushes. Submerging as it does with only a periscope, painted a color blending with sea, or sky, visible, it closes to torpedo range. Unseen, it calculates the speed, course and distance of the ship. When it is ready it fires. If the torpedo runs deep and true the first sign of danger to the ship is the sound of the explosion. Only when a torpedo rides high is the warning white wake seen. Many ships have been sunk without ever having seen the submarine, its periscope, or the torpedo that hit them.

But suppose that the submarine could not creep up like that. Suppose that it could be sighted twenty miles away or, failing that, suppose it were visible as it slunk up to within torpedo range. Then the ship can take necessary measures for defense. It can turn its beam away from the submarine, presenting only the bow or stern, a difficult target. It can train its guns on the submarine. Even if unarmed, it can escape destruction by running away, if warned in time. Much, therefore, depends upon knowing where the submarine is.

Accustomed to fighting from ambush, submarine crews become nervous, sometimes panicky, the instant they know they are discovered. The past three years have taught the naval officers who are fighting them that only one successful means has been found to find them—aircraft.

In non-technical language, I will try to make this clear. Recently an American armed merchantman sailing in the submarine zone, had a shell suddenly splash fifty yards from it. In the distance was sighted a submarine. Computations

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indicated that the range was at least six thousand yards away. To come within fifty yards of a target at the first shot at six thousand yards is superior gunnery. It implied something. It implied that the submarine was using aerial observation, doubtless a kite-balloon run out on a windlass to an elevation of a thousand feet above the deck of the submarine.

Reverse the situation. Imagine a submarine zone being patrolled by aeroplanes—not a mere thousand feet high, but double, triple that. Imagine seaplanes flying ahead and around merchant ships. Automatically that increases the range of vision of the ships. It extends their eyes, so to speak, to points twenty, even forty miles ahead. It enables them to see a submarine long before the ship itself gets into torpedo range. Anyone who has flown over water knows that objects under the surface are clearly visible at considerable depths. Thus if a submarine submerges it cannot always escape the eyes of an aeroplane. Not only that, but the flyers carry bombs and if there is anything a submarine fears it is a bomb. A bomb upon striking the water is not much deflected by it and if properly aimed is certain to explode against the hull. On the other hand, if only the periscope of a submarine is visible, and it is attacked with gun fire, the shells must pass through the water at an angle to get at the submerged hull. This causes a great deflection of the projectile, making hits under water extremely difficult.

The aeroplane, on the other hand, is the submarine's natural enemy. It is the only kind of fire that makes them want to scoot back to their nest. For the instant a submarine sees an aircraft it knows that its attack is doomed to failure. It knows that its prey is going to be warned in plenty of time and that if it doesn't submerge bombs are going to be raining down upon it. Indeed, unless it goes deep, a submarine cannot escape well-directed bombs. It is the case of the eagle and the fish.

Have you ever wondered how, in the face of the submarine ruthless warfare, Great Britain has been able to transport millions of troops in safety? Aircraft patroling

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of the troopships is the answer. It is that kind of a patrol, the efficiency of which has been proven, that should be used for our ships? Our destroyers scouting the submarine zone of our coasts should be provided with seaplane consorts; not only one ship, but all ships—merchantmen, destroyers, transports. Aircraft should lead and protect our ships on the high seas, along our coasts—rigid dirigibles, aeroplanes, kite-balloons. This is the answer to the submarine. Locate the pirate of the seas and he is doomed.

And what about our fleet? Here is where the large rigid type of dirigible comes in. Our "Zeppelins" should even now be cruising, not fifty miles to sea, but a thousand miles. They should be watching the sea-lanes, warning shipping of submarines. And where is our fleet? Though we are three thousand miles away from the war zone, we dare not risk it at sea where it could be advantageously trained and given battle practice. We dare not risk it because we have not aero protection for it. Submarines could sneak upon it. Had we a fleet of Zeppelins searching the sea and behind them, connecting sea-planes ready to warn of the approach of Tirpitz's sea-snakes, our fleet could go to sea when and where it pleased.

Aircraft for defense—aircraft for offense—they are practically the same thing, for the only way to rid ourself of a danger is to destroy the danger. Our Navy has needed a great aero fleet for years; its officers have asked for it, and now in the submarine crisis aircraft is needed more than ever by the Navy. And what has been done?

Six months of the war have gone by for us and the Navy is still in a deficient aero condition. The public has a right to know just where the fault lies. In no uncertain language the public demanded that Congress put through the $640,000,000 appropriation for Army aircraft. The public had not been awakened to the need of a great aero fleet for the Navy or it would have demanded that too. Is there no interest in aeronautics in the Navy Department? Is the fault high up, or is the fault low down? Are the Naval authorities in Washington uninformed? Are they

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paying no heed to the warnings that are coming from England and that are being brought back by their own naval officers?

Germany knows the facts about our aerial deficiencies. Early in July a German writer jeered at our naval aviation corps and its condition, adding that we would come into the war too late to be of any danger to Germany in the air.

It is asserted as a fact that out of the hundred naval aviators sent to France—a feat that was widely published—*less than ten were actual flyers.* Out of five hundred prospective aviators enrolled for training three hundred of these are backed by the Aero Club of America—a private organization. What has the Government done for Naval Aviation since we have been at war?

Articles are printed in the newspapers, at the request of the Navy Department, calling for college graduates only for aviators. What has the ability to read the wars of Julius Cæsar in the original Latin got to do with making an efficient naval flyer? The kind of men we need on these planes are intelligent, clear-eyed firm-nerved, daring men with an ordinary high-school training. They don't need to know the evolution of man half as much as the evolution of aeroplane motors.

How many flyers abroad are college graduates, how many of the Americans in the Lafayette Esquadrille ever received a college diploma? Yet their aero-scouting saved Verdun.

The Navy has one big problem. To defend our ships against the German submarines. If the fleet cannot reach the nests of the sea-snakes behind Heligoland and on the Belgian Coast, why not try the air? Using aero torpedoes, something could come of such an attack, but it cannot be made until we have the planes to make it with. Discharging a torpedo from an aeroplane is practically the same as firing one from a warship, and certainly our naval officers have been trained for that. It is clear that the Army cannot rid the seas of the submarines. It is obvious that the Navy must. It is equally plain that the Navy cannot clean them up unless

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it can locate them. It all gets back to aircraft.

Will naval aeronautics be equal to the task? Have we the personnel to direct such an organization? Here are the facts:

There are enrolled in the Naval Flying Corps about five hundred officers to be trained as naval aviators.

Of that number three hundred are reserve officers, being trained by the Aero Club.

There are four small stations for training purposes, and these are but poorly equipped.

There are no Zeppelins under construction.

Only a relatively small number of kite-balloons have been ordered. Every merchantman needs one for spotting submarines.

Only a small number of men are under training for Zeppelin work.

We have no rigid dirigibles of any military value.

There are two officers of the line in the Navy Department in charge of aeronautics instead of an organized staff.

Many skilled mechanical men, physically fitted to be flyers, should be enlisted, irrespective of a college education.

The sum of $40,000,000 has been asked for Naval Aeronautics.

The head of Naval Aeronautics, although a splendid officer, has had no real experience in aeronautical matters.

Between the Bureau of Construction and Repair, the Bureau of Navigation, the Aircraft Production Board and various other bureaus, naval aeronautic organization is a tangle and its purpose a riddle.

We want, we need thousands of naval flyers and we need them quickly. Yet there is the record. Is it wrong to demand a change of system and men? The country is tired of words, it is tired of what is going to be done. It demands instant and energetic action, *now*.

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KATHARINE BRESHKOVSKAYA FREED

FRANCIS J. OPPENHEIMER

Note: Following the news that Emperor Nicolas, Czar of all the Russias, had abdicated the right of the Romanoff throne, came a bit of news of almost equal importance, viz.—that Katharine Breshkovskaya, "the little grandmother" of Russian freedom, had been set free by War Minister Kerensky, and is now back in Petrograd among the people whom she loved so well, for whose sakes she spent thirty years in prison and in exile.

HER features were not to be distinguished under the soft glow of the thousand orange-colored lanterns that were held aloft in the hands of the thousand women who recently marched by night in the city of New York. She does not parade. Nor is she to be found on top of some soap-box hysterically exhorting a pack of uninterested males into the wisdom of giving their sisters the vote. Her name is not famous for attacks on life and property. She has not broken a pane of glass. Yet that the fathers and mothers and wives and husbands of a whole Empire might be freed from political oppression, Katharine Breshkovskaya the white-haired labor convict, suffered herself to be torn from the grandeur of an imperial palace—from the devotion of her husband—from the embraces of her baby—to await death, old and solitary, in the cold, bleak wilds of Siberian exile. Read in the light of this "Titan-woman's" career, most suffrage martyrdoms seem half unreal and altogether theatrical.

Born and reared in royal surroundings most of the "little grandmother's" days have been spent behind prison walls where she has grown old and white far from the kisses of her baby. That millions, yet unborn, might breathe the breath of freedom, this noble-woman has sacrificed everything most precious to the heart of woman.

When but a bride of a few years Katharine Breshkovskaya asked her young husband if he were willing to suffer exile and if needs be death for "the cause." He replied that he was not. She left him! The supreme sacrifice, however, of "the little grandmother's" adventuresome career was made at her last trial, a few years ago, in St. Petersburg, when she and Nicolas Tchaykovsky were brought into court

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to be judged for their revolutionary acts. In this "closed" court-room Katharine Breshkovskaya, willingly, aye, gladly swore away what then seemed to be the remaining years of her liberty that "the father of the revolution" might secure his freedom.

The cables that announced to a waiting world that Nicolas Tchaykovsky had been set free by his Russian judges (under pressure of world opinion), were almost silent concerning the tragic fact that this same court had again pronounced the doom of Siberia on the white-haired woman who had already spent over twenty-five years of a consecrated life in exile and in prison. This, therefore, is to be the story that the cables did not tell.

I had the privilege of meeting Katharine Breshkovskaya when she visited the United States some eight or nine years ago, little dreaming as I looked at her kindly countenance across the banquet table that she was to be cast back in the Peter and Paul fortress immediately on her arrival in the fatherland, any more than she could have even remotely suspected that Emperor Nicolas, the Czar of all the Russias, would to-day be incarcerated in this very prison.

Her sweet simple face was a surprise to me as it was to everyone who was at all familiar with the story of her sufferings. She spoke in soft accents; neither her expression nor her manner seemed to have been hardened by her many bitter trials. Sadness her features reflected, not fretfulness, not impatience. She was without any trace of self-pity and her clear complexion gave no hint of the many long days and longer nights spent in the Kara sulphur mines. Her soft unfaded blue eyes were not sunken. Altogether it was a kind, if militant maternal face. Wherever she lectured in the United States on this visit she reiterated, "Nothing less than a revolution will make Russia fit to live in," and, "The Czar? I have no hatred for him—only pity."

Over forty years ago, George Kennan, the noted American traveller, met the "little grandmother" in Siberia; to be more explicit and to quote his own words, in the "little God-forsaken Buriat village." "There was not another educated

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woman within a hundred miles in any direction," he wrote. " She received from the government an allowance of a dollar and a quarter a week for her support; her correspondence was under police control; she was separated for life from her family and her friends; and she had, it seemed to me, absolutely nothing to look forward to except a few years, more or less, of hardship and privation, and at last burial in a lonely graveyard beside the Salenga River, where no sympathetic eye might ever rest upon the unpainted wooden cross that would briefly chronicle her life and death. The unshaken courage with which this unfortunate woman contemplated her dreary future and the faith that she manifested in the ultimate triumph of liberty in her native country were as touching as they were heroic. Almost the last words she said to me were:—' Mr. Kennan, we may die in exile, and our children may die in exile, and our children's children may die in exile, but something will come of it at last.' "

The press of the world gave columns of space to describing the wild scenes enacted within the Russian courtroom when it was declared that Tchaykovsky was free. Little mention was made, however, of the fact that while amid wild hurrahs he was being embraced and kissed by everyone, in the demonstrative Russian fashion,—his faithful daughter pressing one hand, his wife the other, that " the little grandmother " was being rudely shoved back by a bearded gendarme on either side, to her filthy dungeon in the Peter and Paul fortress again to await deportation to Siberian exile.

Before the white head had completely disappeared down the corridor of drawn swords, Katharine Breshkovskaya was seen to stop and embrace all the foreign newspaper men. None of the Russian journalists had the courage to be present at this important "closed trial," any more than she would permit her own son to be in court, although he was the only one she was privileged to invite. " Tell my son," she was heard to beg of them, " that his mother embraces him."

Katharine Breshkovskaya has had many solitary hours since in which to analyze herself, and the facts of her career are known backwards and forwards by all Russians in this

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country. The story of her life really is a "twice told tale" that never loses its charm. Her mother supplied her with a religious, her father with a studious strain. She remembers when only a tot, hating the "bad flogging government." She always spoke in French, and before she was eight had mastered "by heart" every detail connected with the French Revolution. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, were terms that always fascinated her. By the time she was sixteen she was familiar with the writings of Rousseau, Voltaire, Diderot and the rest of the French Humanists who preceded the "reign of terror" in France, and whose modernism of outlook created, in fact constituted, the Illumination.

As might be surmised, it was not very long before this restless spirit opened a primary school on her father's estates for the instruction of the poor peasants' children. "Always the seer is the sayer," Emerson beautifully puts it. "Somehow his dream is told." The liberalists were coming into power and things generally appeared to be brightening. Trial by jury had been promised, and the spirit of social reform spreading, or so it seemed, throughout the entire Empire. What a heart-breaking task this eager, bright-eyed girl set for herself, that of trying to teach these rude peasant minds! All that their parents had ever desired was a plot of ground and a mud hut.

Few of the farmers themselves, for that matter, had any notion of the meagre economic rights they already possessed. Like all chattels in political bondage, they knew that in times of peace they had to pay with taxes to the government, in times of war with their lives. Katharine persuaded her father, the proud General Varego, to read the Manifesto to them. He did so, and they listened without comprehension. They became bewildered on learning of their "rights," and knew not what to do. Long years of oppression had blighted them mentally as well as spiritually. Slavery was much easier for such blanched spirits to support than freedom. They began to congregate. They asked of one another what they should do with the strips of ground allotted to them. Now one of the duties of a Russian gendarme is,

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or was in those days, to break up all political gatherings, and the knout was used freely. According to "the little grandmother," the peasants had to be flogged into accepting their newly acquired rights. But then it was hardly any different in Cuba. When the illiterate natives were told that the capitol in Habana was theirs they began to bring their frying pans into the city and fried bananas on the steps of the capitol.

This did not dismay young Katharine. She still clung to the dream, always uppermost in her young heart, *reform by the government*. The necessity for a revolution by the people was an idea that had not yet come to her. On her way to St. Petersburg a year or two later, she met on the train another ardent believer in the rights of human beings. It was the young Prince Kropatkin, who was returning from official duties in Siberia. The hopeful words of this great soul thrilled the open-eyed girl, who little imagined how much of her own future was to be spent in these desolate arctic regions, the horrors of which she was listening to open-mouthed.

Arrived at St. Petersburg, Katharine sought out every group of Liberalists to be found. You could find her at every progressive meeting, a singular figure no doubt, mingling with the "intellectuals" and the graybeards. The solution of the many social questions that alone would bring relief to her troubled spirit eagerly was being sought. Then, too, her mother was becoming alarmed. It was not safe for her daughter to be attending these "secret" meetings in such an open manner. She began to beg Katharine to "come home for a visit." This Katharine frequently did. She lived in the metropolis for three years, however, before she heeded the command of her father to return to the family palace.

Four years later—she was now about twenty-six—she married a wealthy young landowner. What man could think of sitting still long with such a wife? Domestic comfort was not the acme of her bliss. Working under the spell of her vision, the young couple prevailed on some of the other younger landlords to open a larger peasant school. Still trust-

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ing in the sincerity of the government, the girl bride began to search through all the forgotten laws and neglected edicts to see what peasant "rights" were to be unearthed. Her energy, her enterprise, soon brought her under official suspicion. Her name now was on the desk of the Minister of the Interior as belonging to a person who needed watching. The prospect of Siberia begins to loom on the horizon. The frightened young husband asks his beautiful wife to desist. She will not. Then came the parting of the ways.

To overcome the suspicions of the farmers, Katharine disguised herself by staining her face and arms with acids, as stated earlier. She studied the language of the people. She donned coarse bark shoes, and placed her lingerie away in scented chests never to be worn again. A heavy cloak completed her disguise. Under cover of night she fled to Kief, and immediately on her arrival sought out one of the revolutionary groups, which she joined. From now on she began to live not only very uncomfortably but also "illegally."

It was not an easy task to get from one town to another in Russia in those terrible days, even if you were not a Revolutionist. Passports had to be forged. The Empire is wide and to escape the vigilant police all travelling must be done afoot. At night the organizing was done. Sometimes in a city tenement. Sometimes in a remote village. Sometimes on river boats. Most of her instruction was given by means of fables such as dull untutored minds could grasp. It was no harder instilling political principles in these simple minds than it was escaping the government spies.

Of course these activities were bound to be traced, and at last the police captured her through the betrayal of her maid. She was thrown at once into the infamous "black hole" to await trial. During her nights of despair she would notice regular noises on the steam-pipe that ran down through her cell. There were other "comrades," unseen and unknown, in adjoining cells. It was weeks before she realized that these pipes were live arteries that coursed through the dead walls, and months before she could decipher the convict's code. Then she began to comprehend why the pipes

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held their peace until the sentries passed. Tap! Tap! Tap!!! the mysterious telegraphy would begin and with the speaking of the pipes would come the stillness of the convicts. Hopeless fingers were spelling out words of hope to hopeless hearts. Sometimes it was a prayer that ran up and down the articulate pipe. Sometimes it would vibrate out groans of helpless grief. Even Love found its way here, as in all places, to spell out, cautiously, eternal faithfulness, no matter to what points of the compass they who thus relieved the agony of their solitude were to be deported. The musty walls of the old prison rocked, at times physically, with the weight of woe carried by its rusted pipes. Did a message stop abruptly in the middle? Perhaps the sentry was passing. Or perhaps the sender had gone insane, not an unusual occurrence.

At this trial, I think it was in 1878, Mme. Breshkovskaya did not admit her guilt as she did at her last trial, but told the judges that the whole proceeding was a farce. She was ordered deported to Siberia. She has since traveled this frozen road more than once and knows it mile by hopeless mile. George Kennan, who later went over the Great White Road, as he calls it, had to change horses four times in twenty hours, saying: "I felt as if I had been beaten from head to foot with a club." When only nine days on this frozen path Mr. Kennan became "spotted and blotched" from head to foot, "as if," to quote his own words, "I were suffering from some foul eruptive disease."

Imagine, if you can, the condition of the convict train of which Katharine Breshkovskaya was a part. Over three hundred miles must be covered each month and no time is to be lost. Armed guards are in front. Armed guards are on the sides. Armed guards are in the rear. The perpetual admonition is "Move on." At intervals of from twenty to forty miles there are prison road houses, and these are always overcrowded and in an unsanitary condition. The only diversion that Mr. Kennan noticed for these convicts was the opportunity to wager with one another respecting the number of fleas that would jump on and off their garments within a given time. But this is only characteristic of everything else

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in this God-forsaken region. It is estimated that since 1875 more than one million and a quarter souls have dragged wearied legs over this jagged road. In this wierd caravan, this arbesque of humanity, in company with "Babushka," there were mothers with children-in-arms, reformers, maidens, thieves and murderers. The brutal Cossack guards made no distinctions, knouting anyone who lagged behind.

The motley crew arrived after six months of marching in Kara. Little is to be gained detailing the sufferings Katharine Breshkovskaya endured in these poisonous sulphur mines. After a few years she was transferred to Barguzin, a forty-five degree below "spot," which has been aptly enough described as "a bleak little circle of arctic huts." Her Cossack guards, noticing that she was endeavoring to give some rudimentary instructions to her fellow convicts, placed her in a loathsome cell,—an old experience. This cell, as I remember its description, was not high enough to stand upright in, nor long enough to stretch out in. This inhuman confinement did not crush her indomitable spirit, however, for while here she contrived a means of escape.

To many who met Katharine Breshkovskaya when she visited the United States eight years ago, the story of this "getaway" is very familiar. Together with three university students with whom she managed to communicate, a plan was perfected. After two years of patient, cautious, questioning, an old Siberian farmer was discovered who years before had made the long journey to the Pacific Ocean. Under cover of an arctic night, "the little grandmother," with her "boys" stole out of their cots and silently boarded the rickety wagon waiting in the bleak shadows. With nothing to sustain life but some pressed tobacco, the shivering quartet began their perilous drive of a thousand miles through the primeval, frozen wilderness. Hungry days and freezing nights, many of them, but look! there smiles the ocean below them, and see! there is an American man-o-war riding at anchor and from her stern is flying the union jack, of "the home of the brave and the land of the free."

Of course the escape was eventually discovered and an

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alarm raised. Orders were at once given that every farmer in this region should join in the pursuit of the convicts, or forfeit his farmlands. Just as the weary refugees were clambering down the mountainside they were surprised by some of these primitive farmers, who, at the point of pitchforks, forced them to surrender.

The hardships attending the trip back, which was made all the way on foot, can easily be imagined. The "boys" were flogged until they almost bled to death, and, although "the little grandmother" begged that the same punishment be meted out to her, it was withheld. It was her hope that she might die under the knout and help the "cause" by letting the nations of the world know how the Russian government treats a woman prisoner.

Instead she was driven back into the hateful sulphur mines,—hard convict laborer, for four years. Black bread was her food—black water her drink. In the dirty hole in which she was forced to sleep a breath of outside air never penetrated. It was during this awful confinement that she contracted the rheumatism from which she suffered during the two years she later spent in her gun casement cell of the Peter and Paul fortress in St. Petersburg previous to her last trial and deportation.

In 1896, having "reformed"—what irony!—Mme. Breshkovskaya was released, and on her arrival in St. Petersburg began anew the old struggle for the people which has since brought her back to Siberia. For over six years, however, she managed to work up and down and across the vast Empire, spreading her notions of social reform.

In 1905 she visited the United States on her old errand and on her return to Russia in 1907 was rearrested and tried in 1910. The outcome of this noteworthy trial, of how she pleaded not for herself but for Nicolas Tchaykovsky, has already been detailed. This in brief and almost telegraphic phrases is the tragic story of the noble Russian lady who is now being proclaimed throughout the length and breadth of Russia as "the little grandmother" of Russian freedom.

No sketch of "the little grandmother's" career would

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be quite complete if it did not contain some hint of the relationship that has grown up, or faded away, between herself and her son, whom she saw but a few times, since she was torn from him when he was but two years' old. It is hoped they are together at last in Petrograd, and that he understands a little, now, how great a woman she is, and how much more important to a poor struggling humanity her work is than his.

During the years she was travelling about Russia, concerned with the " rights " of the common people, he was interpreting " Petrograd life " in his novels for the entertainment of its decadent society. And though he was the only person " Babushka " could have had in court at her last trial, she would not permit him to enter the trial room, for fear he might come under police suspicion, nor did he try. An American woman, Mrs. Isabel C. Barrows, who made the trip across the ocean for the special purpose of securing bail for Katharine Breshkovskaya, neither succeeded in getting the government to accept bail, nor in persuading this young man to console his aged mother by his presence in court.

" I am simply one old woman pleading for another," Mrs. Barrows stated to the Russian Prime Minister, to whom she presented a petition signed by many eminent Americans in behalf of " the little grandmother." "And I have travelled ten thousand miles for her dear sake." An example of the young man's superciliousness is evidenced in his complaint—true enough, but in such bad taste under the circumstances—that " the beauty of Geneva has been worn out by commonplace pictures," and her reply, from notes made by this American woman, " But only think, my dear child, how everything that is beautiful in Nature is ' tainted ' in that way. Shall we blame the sky, the sea, the mountains, because they have been sung by so many poets and drawn by so many pencils for so many ages?" The son's note probably was penned on lavender stationery, while studio tea was being poured for him, and the mother's comment, in her Peter and Paul fortress cell, which was lighted only indirectly through a guncasement, and through which she was overjoyed one Spring

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morning to discover " one blade of grass climbing from under a stone, on the sunny side." Worthy of Oscar Wilde's " Reading Gaol."

" The little grandmother," in these notes, puts forth no motherly claims against him, but thanks him for the few visits he made her, making but one request, "Will you ask one of your friends to buy me a crocheted shawl? " Yet when it came the poor old rheumatic thing thought it " so good she could not find a proper place for it," and " I have finally decided to keep it in the paper package." I am in error. She made another request—for some " books of travel, written within the last ten or fifteen years, preferably some with many illustrations." Could anything be more touching?

" Preserve yourself from every base and unwholesome thing," she admonishes. She had noticed that the novelist " looked ill," and on his complaining that he was troubled by a cold, she wrote, " There is nothing more dangerous than to take cold with influenza,"—concluding that she " embraces and kisses his hair." To " make conversation," apparently he asked her on one of his visits if she " followed the news?" As well ask the question of Napoleon on St. Helena, whose newspapers were ribbons of death and marriage announcements, everything else having been " deleted by the censors." She replied, " My dear, I am entirely in the position of those fabulous creatures that have been stolen away and are kept living in such places that even the ravens and the wolves cannot peep in. Besides my four walls, I see nothing, and hear nothing but the ringing of church bells." Mrs. Barrows is to be thanked for securing these prison letters.

If this young man has any talent, any dramatic sense, he will be quick to seize upon these letters and his mother's career in general to write a great novel. It would benefit the world and perhaps help him atone for his callous neglect. De Maupassant could produce a masterpiece from the last letter alone, sent just before her final exile: " When you come to see me next time I want to speak less and listen more. Do you realize how little I know of your life? Prepare a concise account of it, and as full as possible. Where do you live?

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Alone or with friends? What are you writing? How do you spend your time? I am prepared to keep silent during the twenty minutes allotted to me when you call, so I may not go into exile again without knowing these things about my boy."

To the mobs that followed her about Petrograd, on her return from exile, "the little grandmother" repeatedly said, "You meet me as if I were a kind of heroine. Now what of a heroic nature have you discovered in me? I have only done this one thing all my life. I have tried to be a good, loyal soldier, true to my post. Thirty-three years of prison and deportation have limited my opportunities for work. Only eleven years of work, in constant danger of discovery by the authorities, and under legal disabilities, have fallen to my share. My work is not heroic work; it is quiet, slow work from day to day—but is the kind of work the Russian nation needs at present. I intend to travel from place to place, as I did before I was sent to Siberia, to instruct the peasants in the aims and objects of the glorious revolution. The best way for the United States to help save Russia is to whip Germany as soon as possible. Millions of Russians who expected a millennium to follow the revolution now find food, money and clothes as hard to get as ever. Even the great leaders of the people find their stout hearts strained."

Word just comes out from Russia that Breshkovskaya—it reads like a Russian novel!—is now lodged in the Winter Palace, directly over Malachite Hall, in which the Provisional Cabinet daily debates the fate of the newest Republic, and her latest statement, made to an Associated Press man, runs: "I am largely out of politics. Deny the stories that I play a part in Cabinet affairs. I wish I did—things would be better," and, "Don't be despairing about Russia, although I am an old woman, I am convinced that I shall see victory and internal regeneration.

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